

THE CENTER FOR CARTOON STUDIES PRESENTS



Annie Sullivan AND THE TRIALS OF Helen Keller

JOSEPH LAMBERT



2013 EISNER AWARD FOR BEST REALITY-BASED WORK

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★ “[B]rilliantly conceived and executed. . . . [R]arely is [this story] presented in such a breathtaking, original, and empathetic fashion.”

—*Booklist* (starred review)

“A visual stunner that covers new ground.” —*Kirkus Reviews*

“A wonderful resource.” —*School Library Journal*

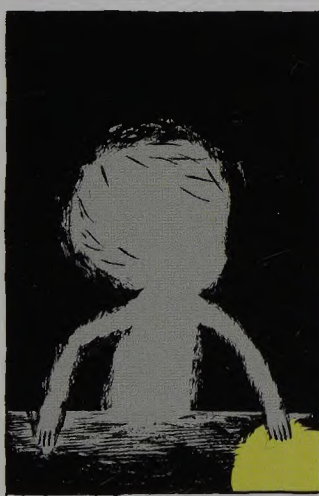
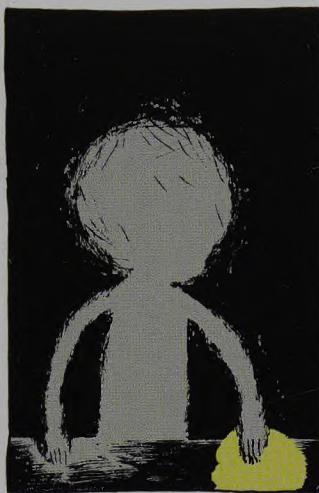
“[I]t’s hard not to be moved by Lambert’s depiction.” —*Horn Book*

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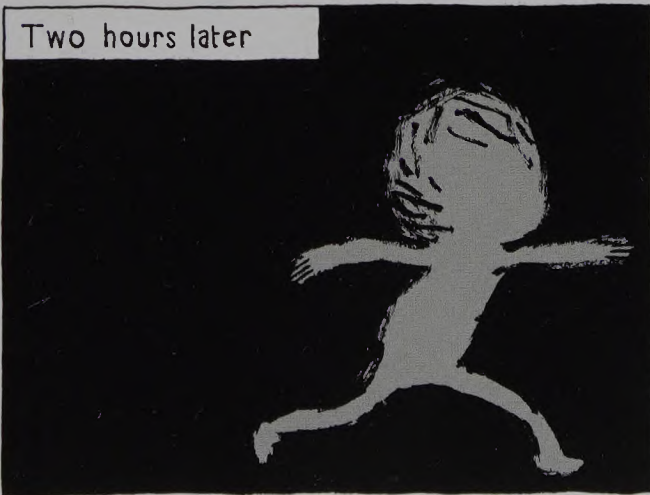
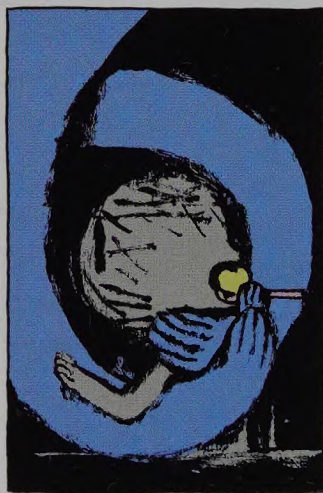
Annie Sullivan
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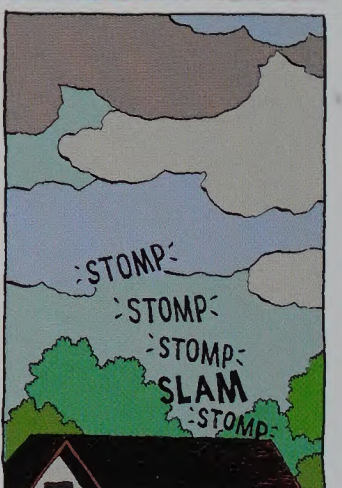
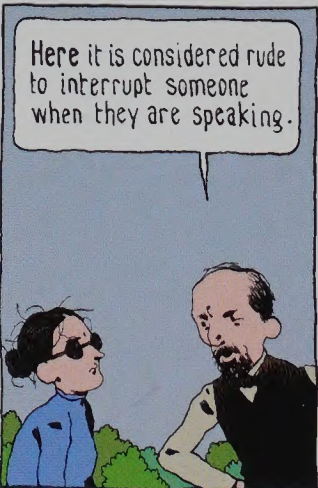
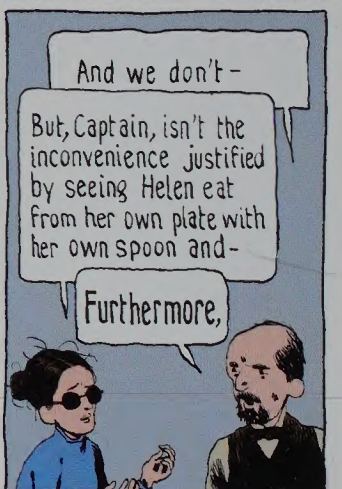
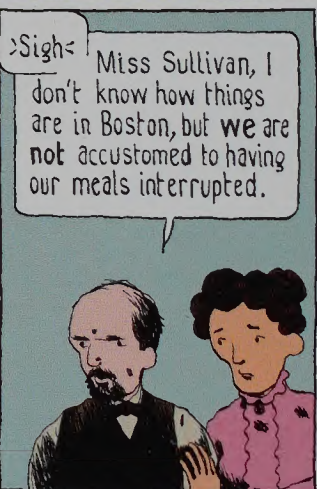
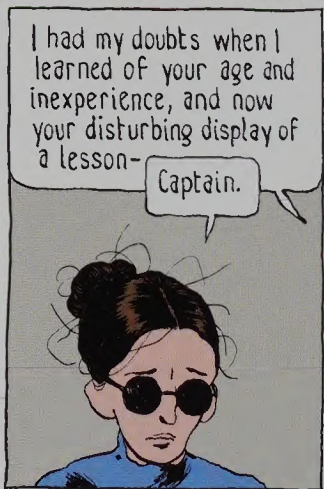
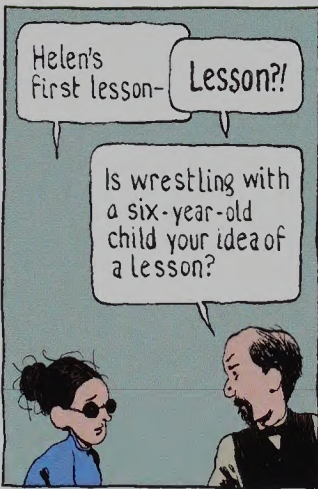
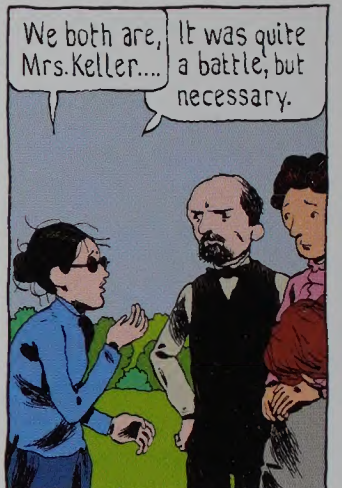
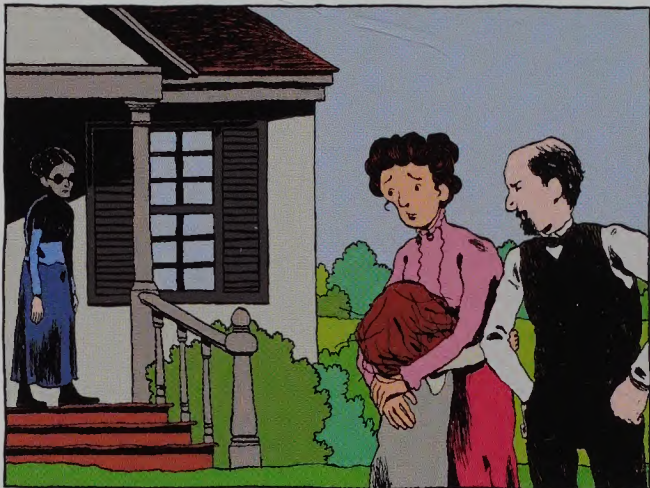
JOSEPH LAMBERT

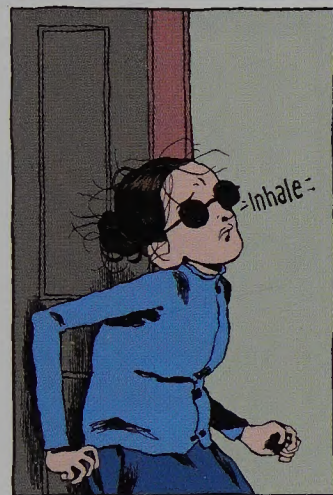
Disney • HYPERION
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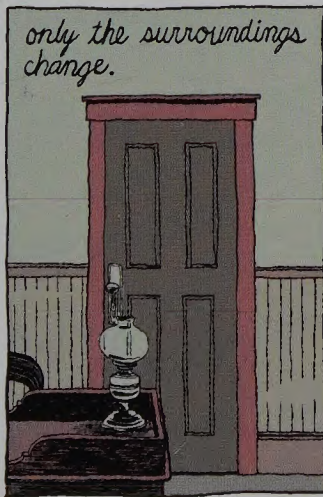
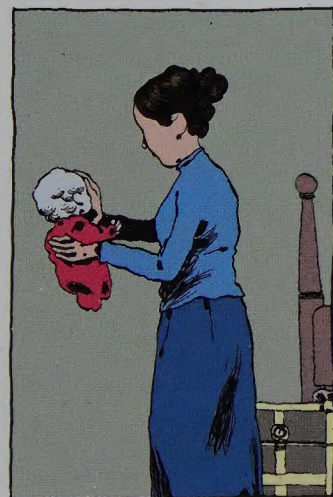


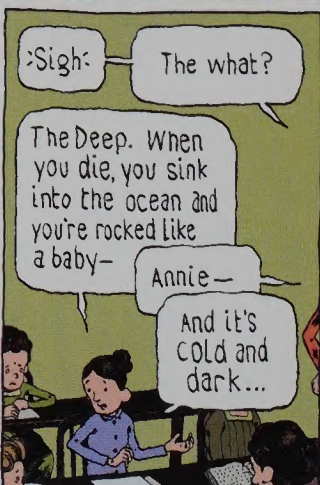
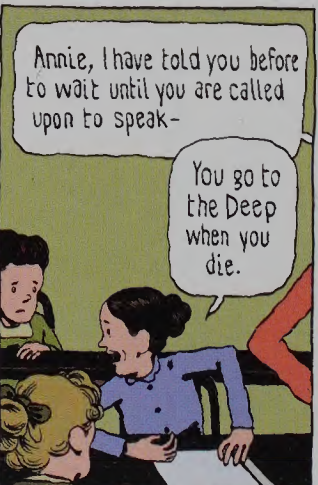
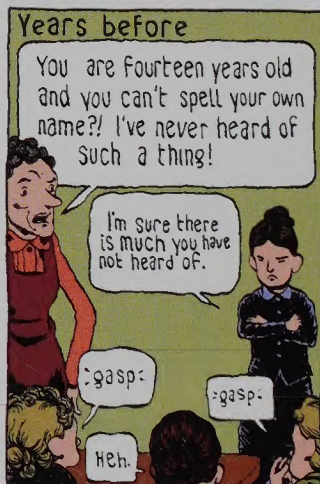
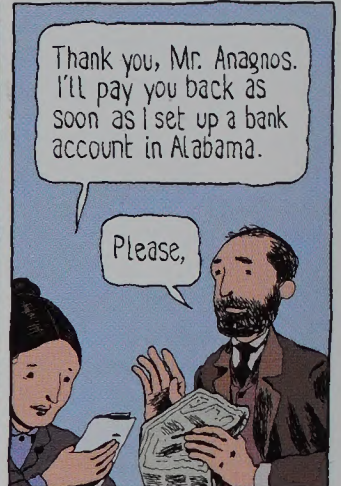
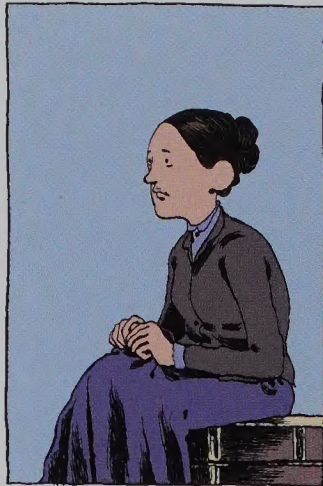


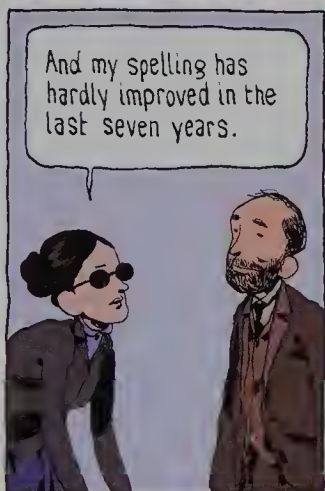
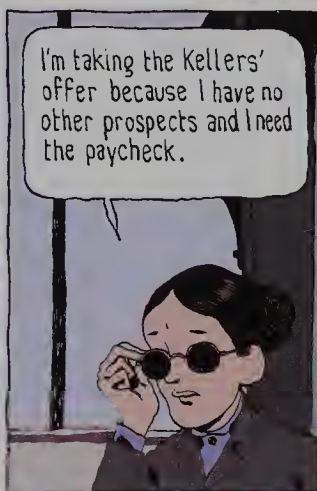
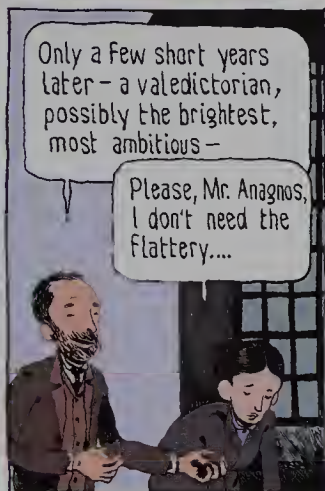
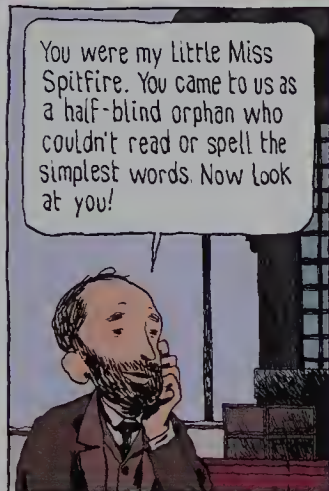
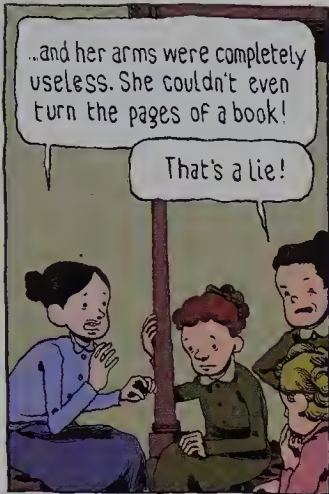
more than a thousand
miles away from any
human being I ever
saw before.

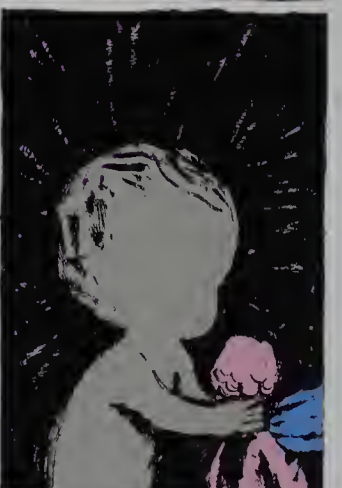
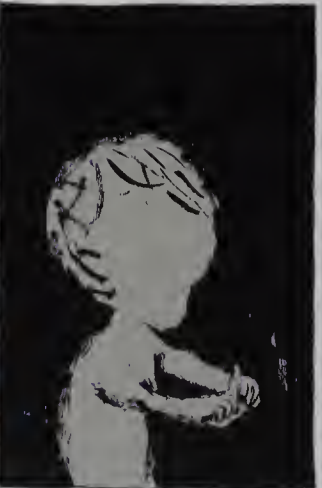


Of course, this loneliness
in my heart is an old
acquaintance.

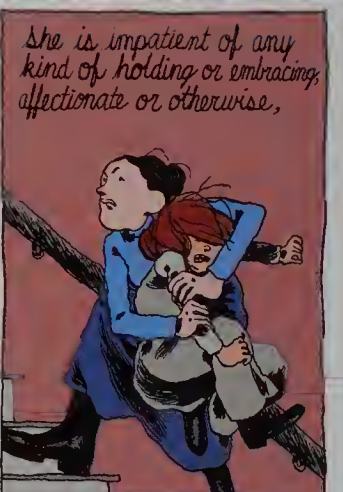
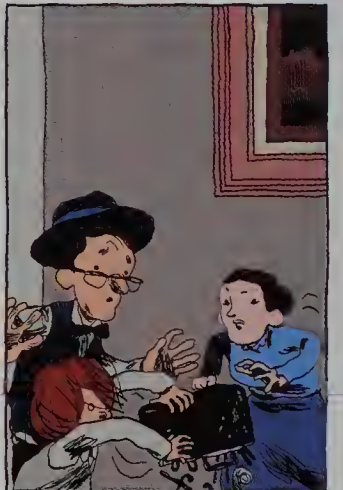
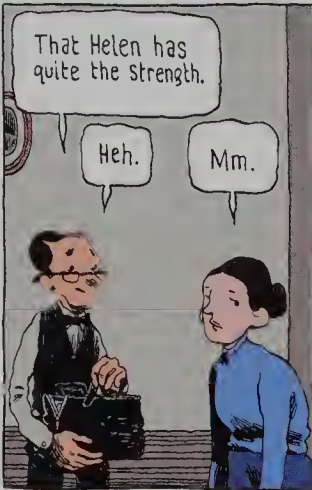
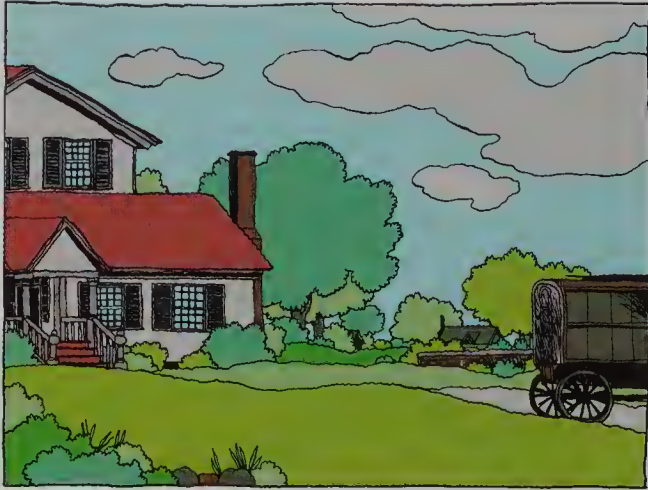




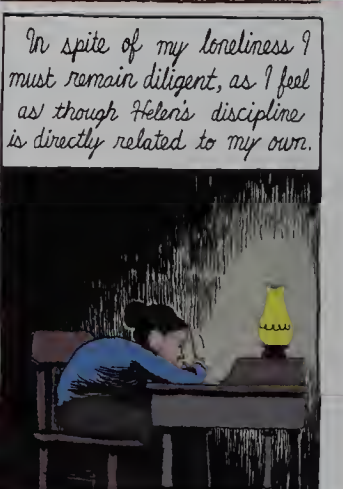
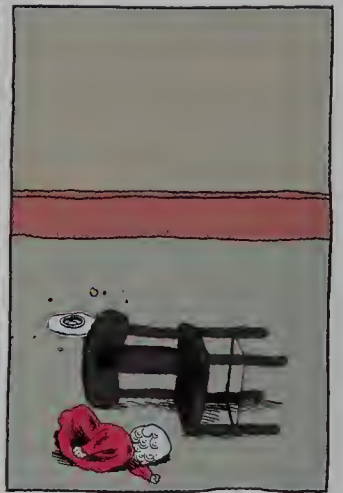
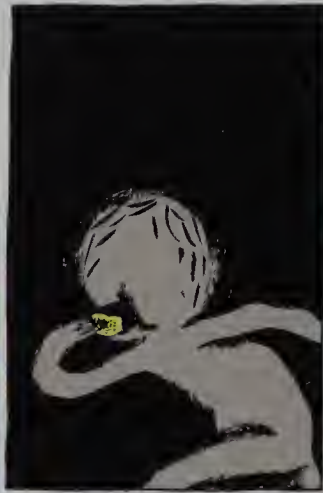


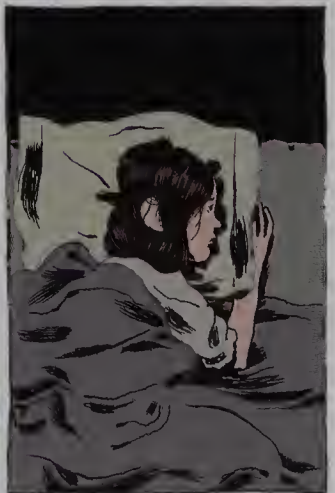
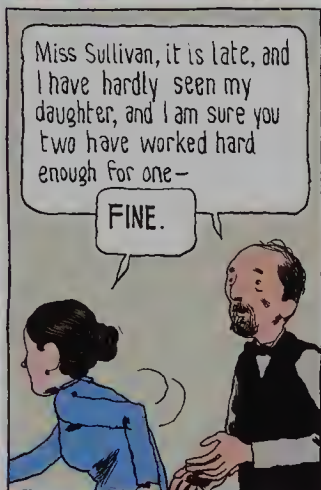


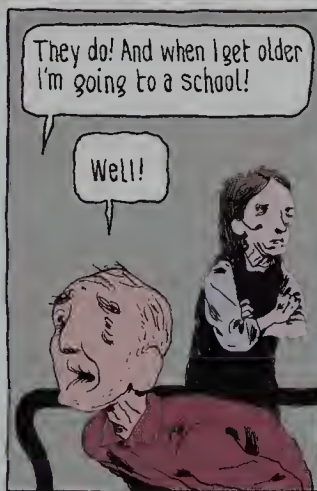
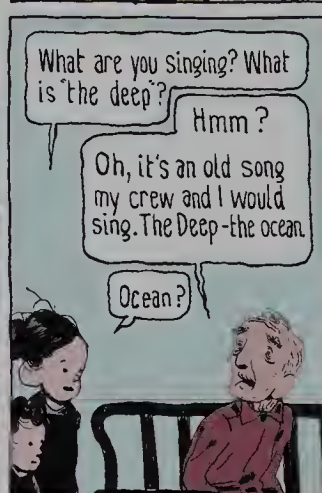
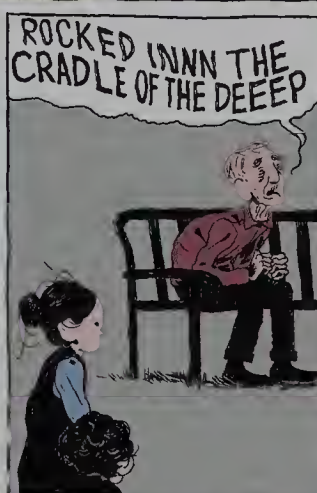


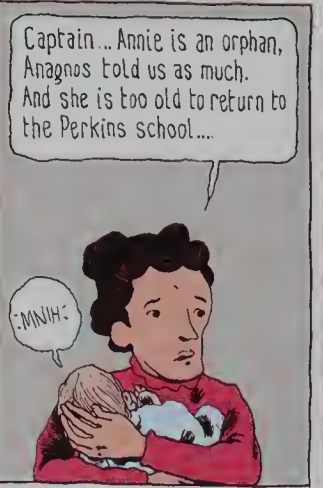
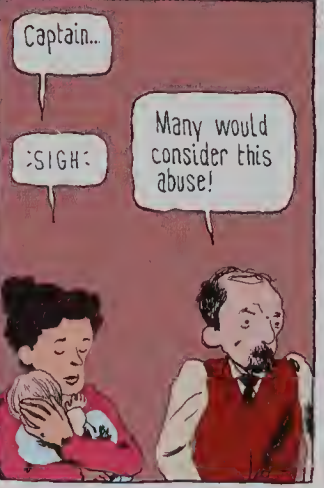












My Dear Mr. Anagnos, since I last wrote, Helen and I have gone to live by ourselves in a little, single-room garden house about a quarter-mile from the Keller homestead.



I very soon made up my mind that I could do nothing with Helen in the midst of her family,



a group who has always allowed the little tyrant to do exactly as she pleases.



Captain, how many doctors have we seen? How long before we found out about Dr. Bell and Mr. Anagnos and the Perkins school?



Especially her father, who cannot bear to see her troubled.



Our meals are brought from the house and we eat on the piazza when the weather is pleasant.



How many other options do we have?



The Kellers are allowed to visit every day on the condition that their presence is not made known to Helen,



and thus I have complete control over Helen, though she still refuses to let me touch her.



The first night in the garden-house she refused to sleep in the same bed as me, even though we only had the one.



I think they will have to be responsible for each other.

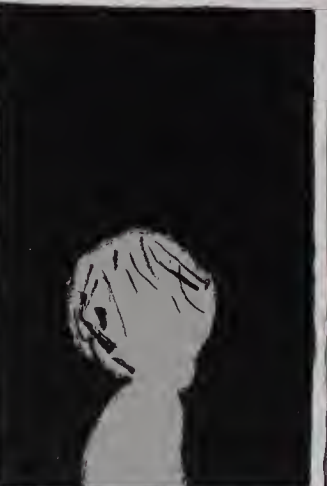
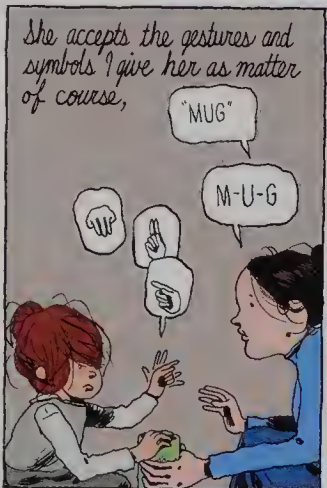
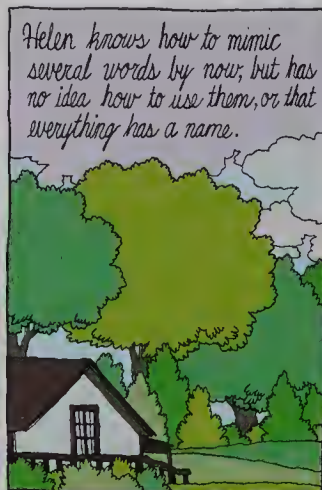


As you can imagine, I insisted

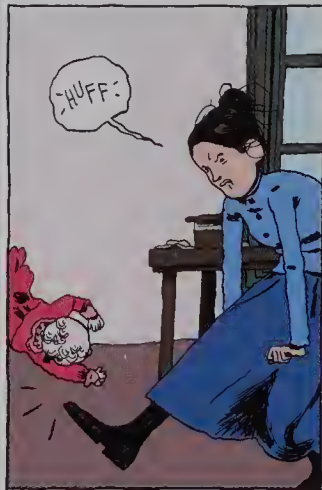


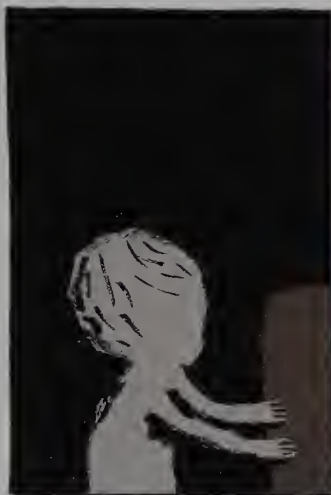
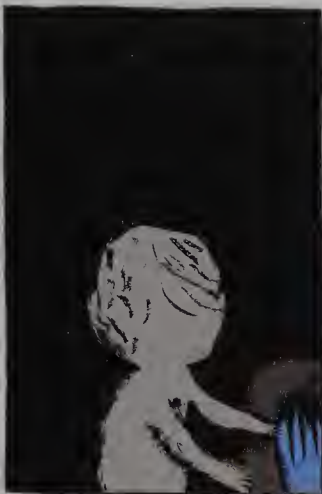
and the subsequent tussle lasted for nearly two hours.

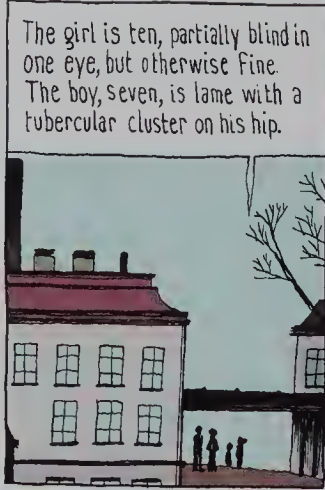




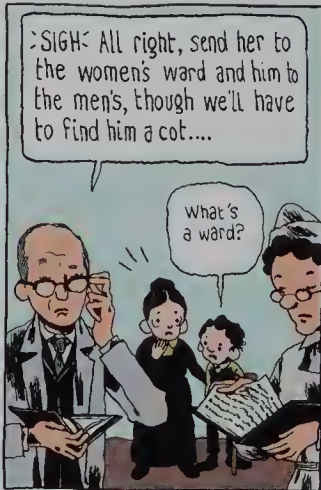








The girl is ten, partially blind in one eye, but otherwise fine. The boy, seven, is lame with a tubercular cluster on his hip.



:SIGH: All right, send her to the women's ward and him to the men's, though we'll have to find him a cot....

What's a ward?



NO! You CAN'T separate us! you CAN'T!

:SOB:

Wh-why are you crying?!

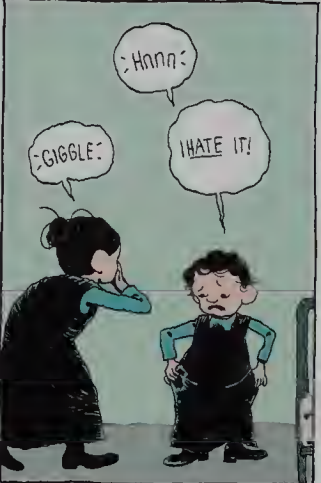
:SNFF:



-both stay here in the women's ward. Probably best anyway. The men's could be dangerous for a boy your age.



Jimmie, you'll have to wear a smock like your sister. It's all we have small enough for you. It will probably make things easier with your hip as well.



:Hnnn:

:GIGGLE:

I HATE IT!



HAHA-

HAHA-

Why can't I have my britches back?! Annie! Annie, stop laughing! :Hnnnn: :SOB: :SNFF:



:COUGH: COUGH



My, you have very pretty curls, young lady!



COUGH- COUGH-

...I'm a BOY!

HAHA HAHA-



Don't be cross. You make a prettier girl than she does.

:SNFF:



Very curly pretty hair, little girl!



CLAK CLAK

COUGH- COUGH-

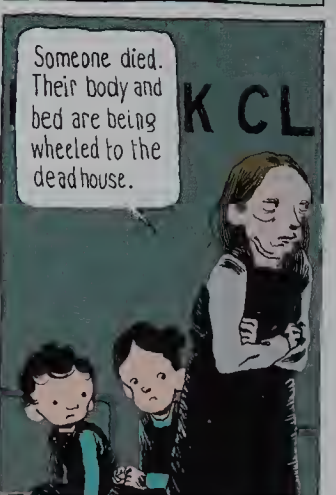


CLAK CLAK CLAK



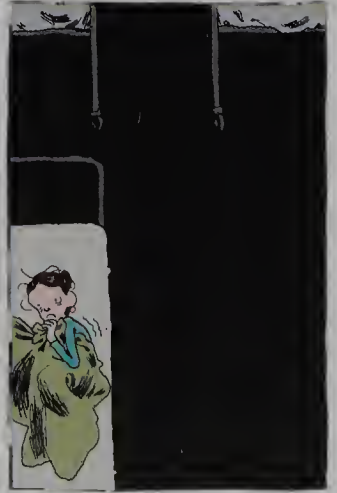
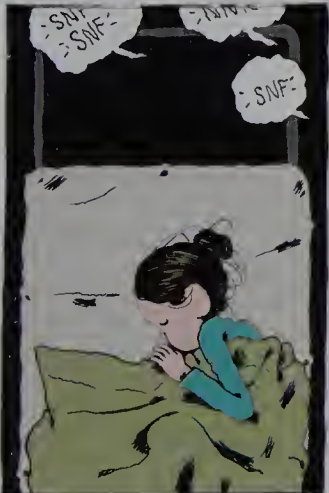
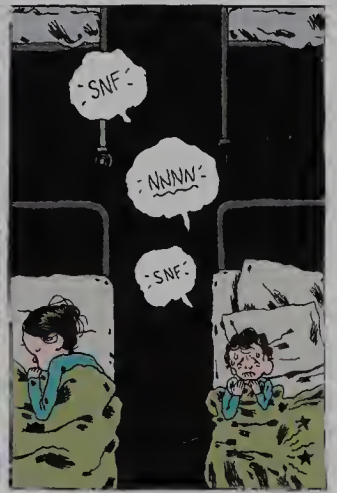
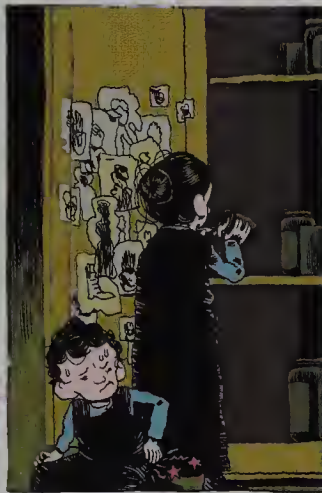
CLAK CLAK

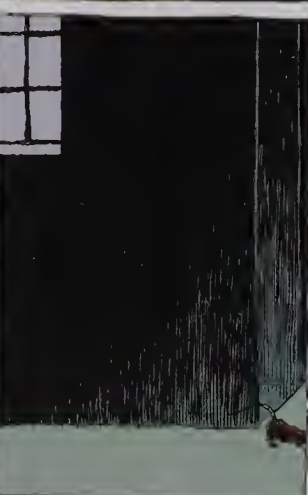
Annie, what is that sound?

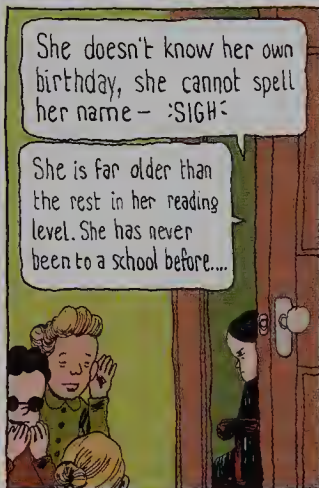


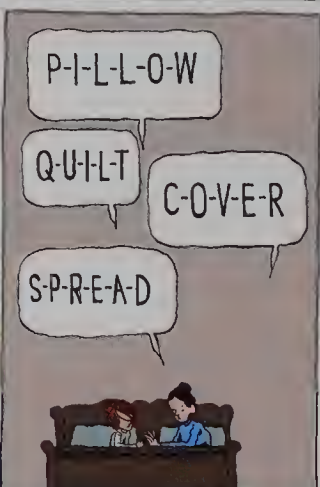
Someone died. Their body and bed are being wheeled to the dead house.

CLAK CLAK

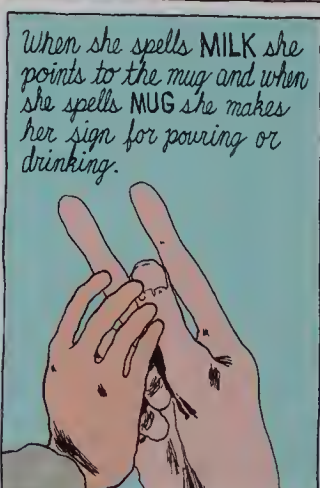








Helen has learned several nouns this week. MUG and MILK give her more trouble than others.



When she spells MILK she points to the mug and when she spells MUG she makes her sign for pouring or drinking.



To her this is still a vague game.

Ouch!

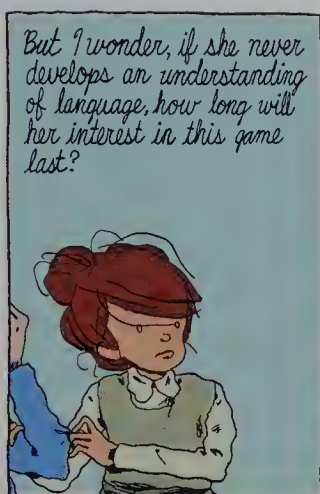


NN-



The little savage is learning obedience. As she learns to rely on me, her impatience is cooling.

H-A-N-G-N-A-I-L



But I wonder, if she never develops an understanding of language, how long will her interest in this game last?



How long will mine last?

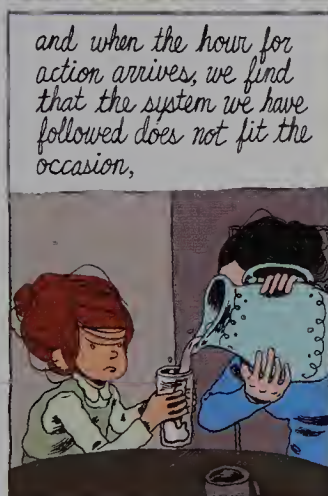


M-U-G

Good.



Thus it is, we study, plan, and prepare ourselves for a task,



and when the hour for action arrives, we find that the system we have followed does not fit the occasion,



and then there's nothing for us to do but rely on something within us.

M-I-L-K



Good.

All right, back to mug.



No...it's empty.



Spell its name.

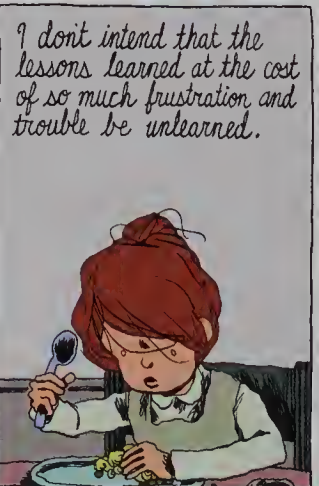
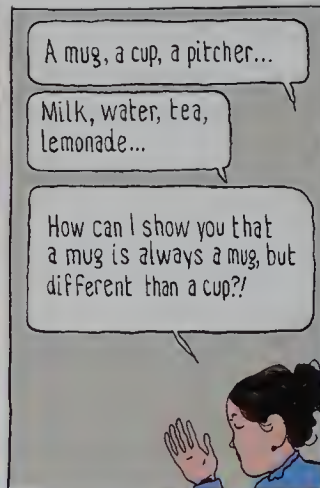
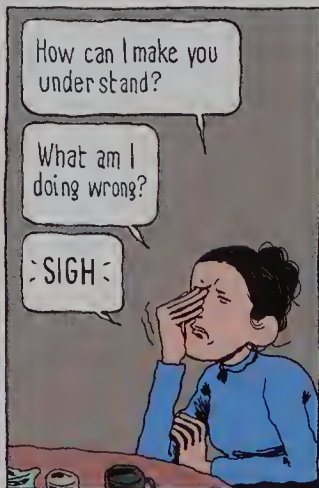


M-I-L-K



No.

SHAKE





I need Helen to depend on me entirely,

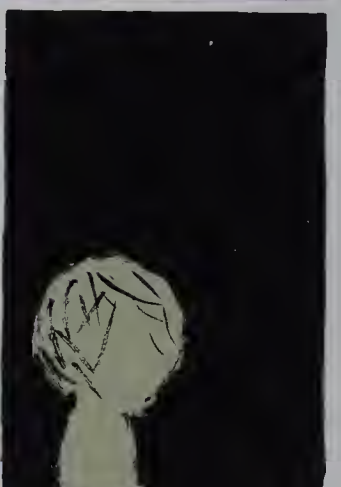


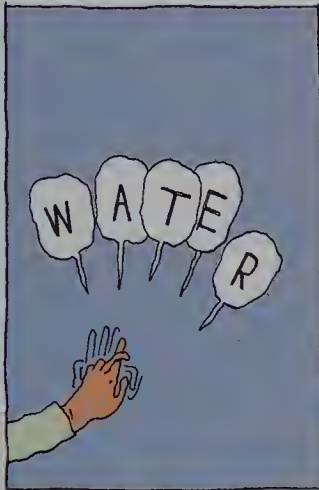
as I find it easier to teach her things at odd moments than at set times.

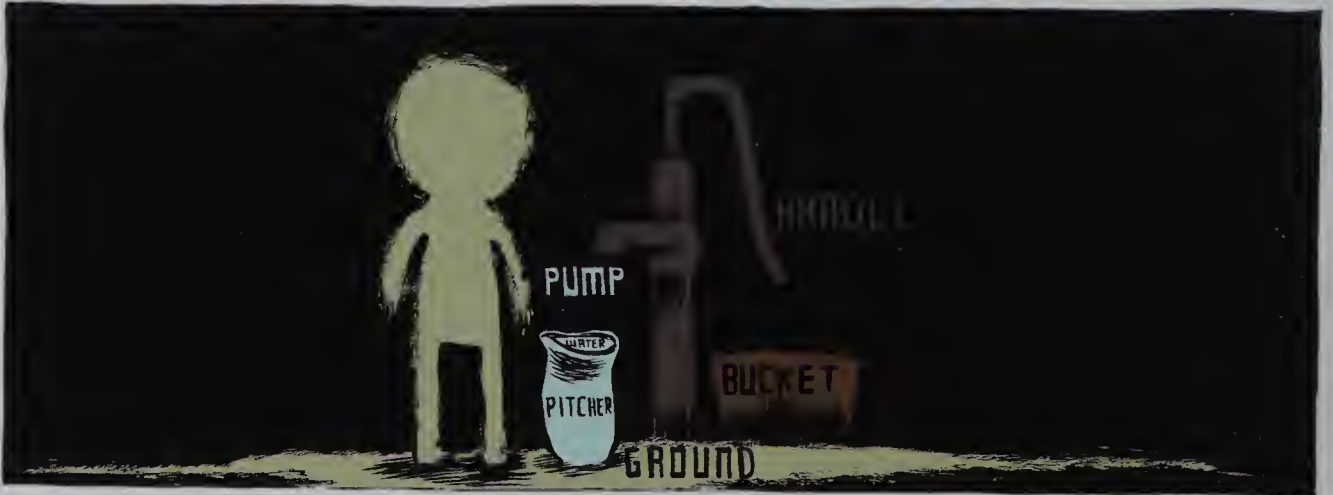
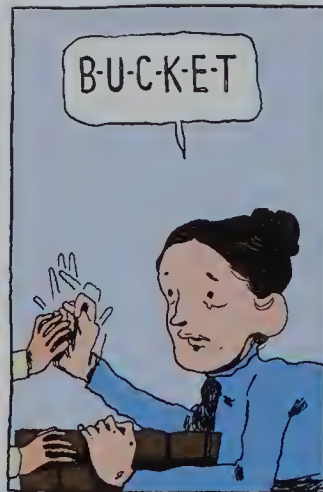
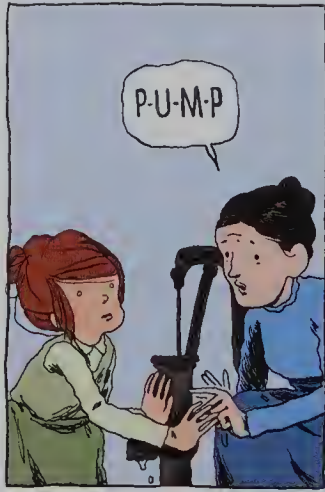


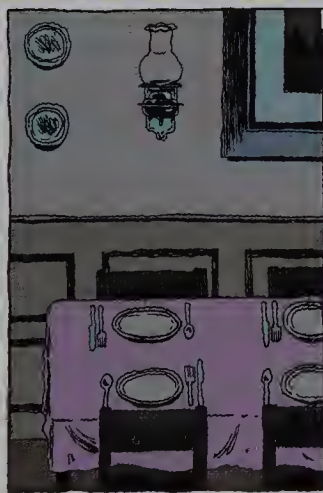
Did you think I would forget? That I would let you get away with it?



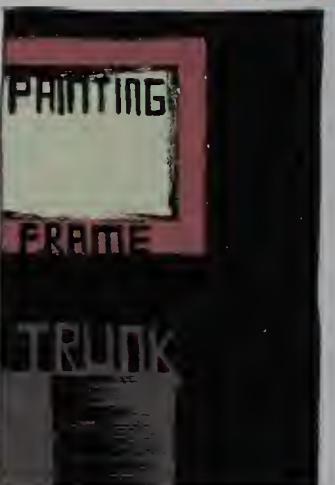
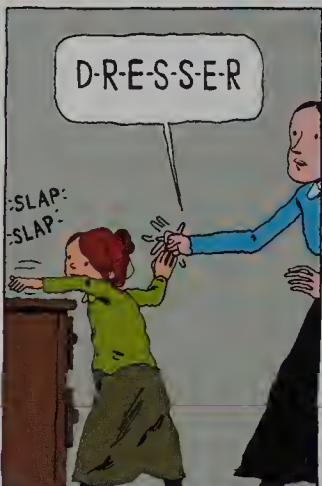


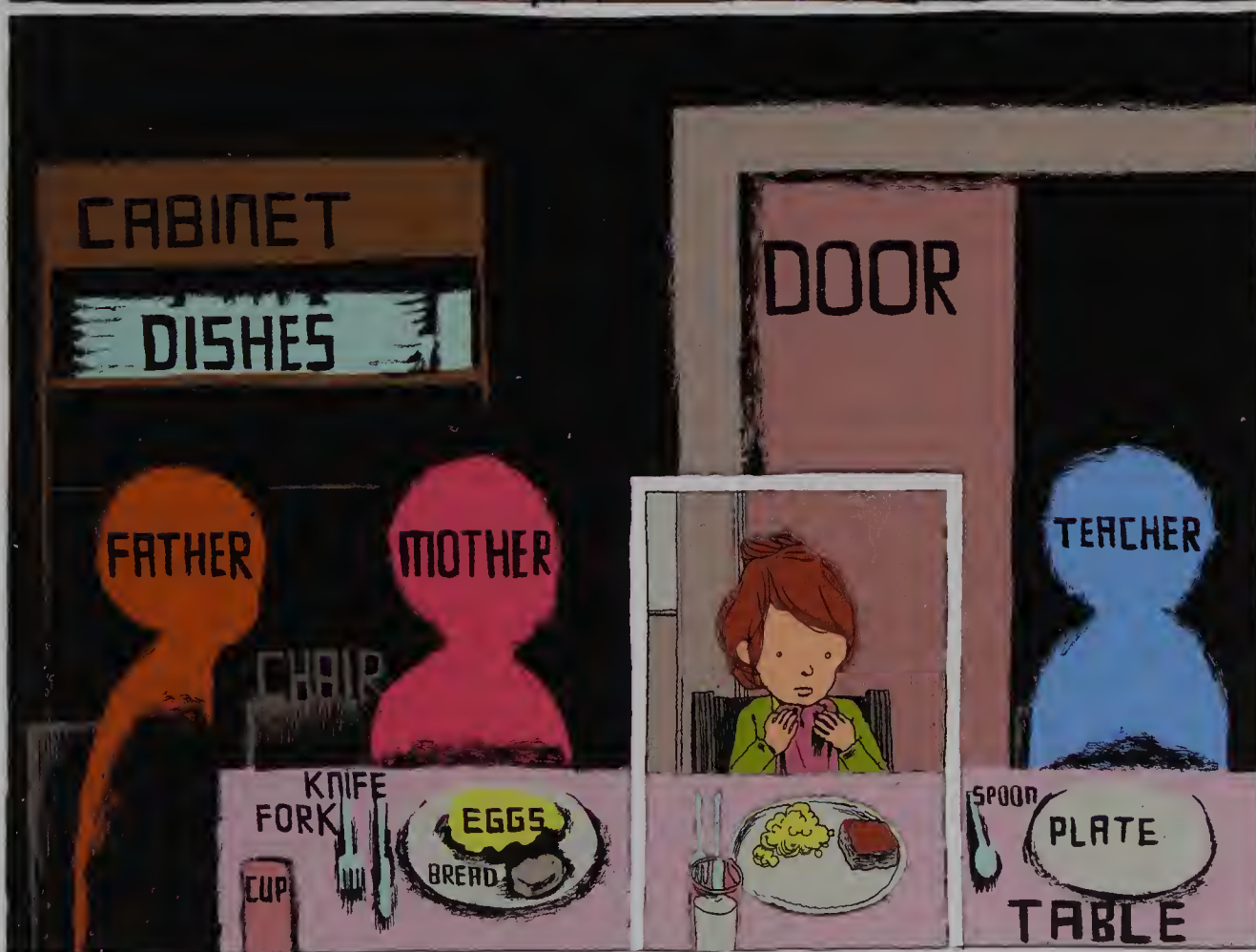
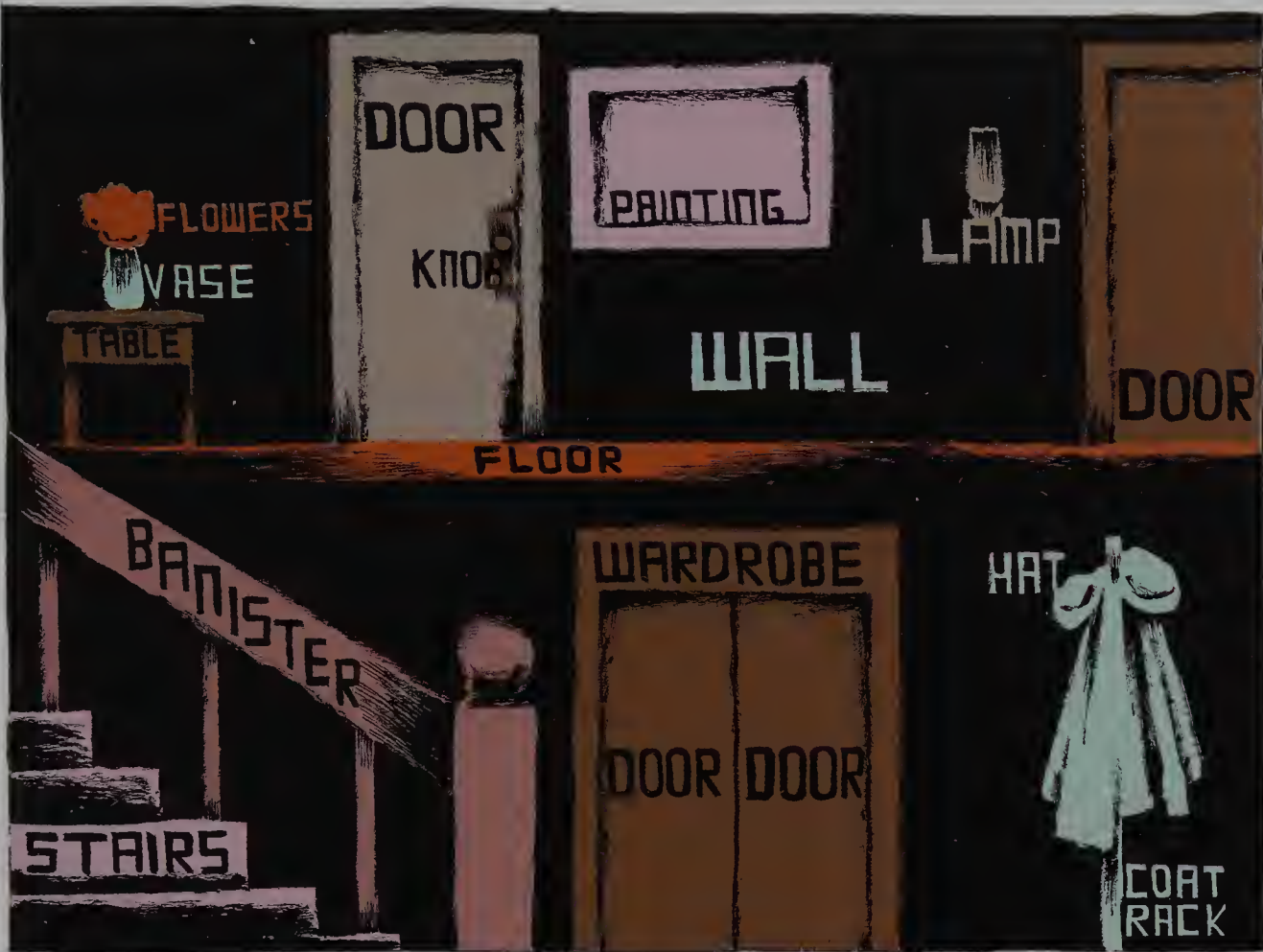












My Dear Mr. Anagnos, there is improvement in Helen day to day, almost from hour to hour.



Wherever we go she asks eagerly for the names of things. Everything must have a name now.



She drops the signs and pantomimes she used before as soon as she has the words to supply in their place.



The acquirement of a new word affords her the liveliest pleasure.



We have noticed that her face grows more expressive every day.



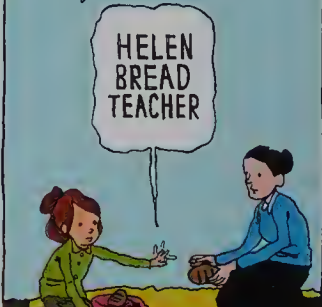
Assuming she has the normal capacity for assimilation and imitation, I talk into her hand as one would talk into a hearing baby's ears.



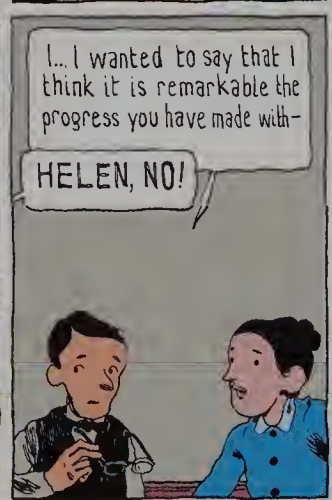
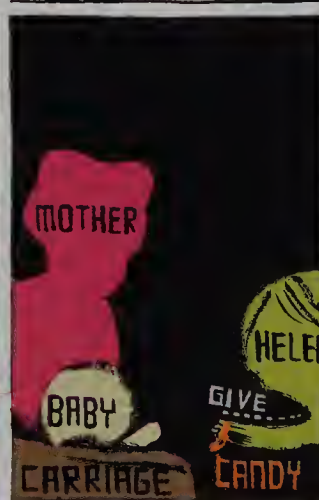
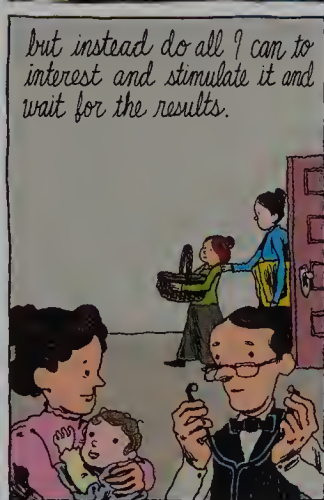
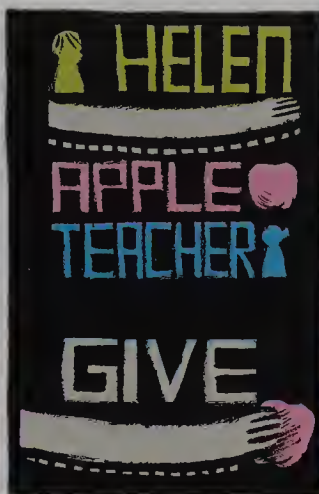
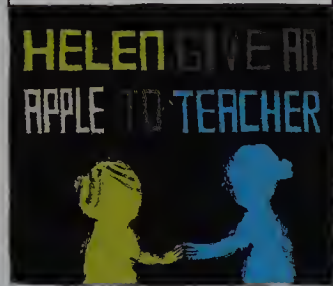
I use complete sentences in talking to her even if a single word is all she understands.



The whole sentence repeated many times will impress itself upon the brain, and by the, by she will use it herself.



At this point, Helen knows more than a hundred words and learns new ones daily without the slightest suspicion that she is performing a most difficult task.



The Perkins Institution for the Blind
Boston, Massachusetts
1880

:SIGH: You will never learn...
Sit down.

It's always the same with
you, Annie. When is your
brain awake?

When I leave
this class.

Annie, are you reading that
newspaper in my class again?!

HEY!

:HFF:

:SIGH:

Annie, it's no secret that
your recent eye operations
have improved your vision
enough for you to be able
to read normal print.

Well, if the teachers
here wouldn't leave so
much out when they read
the news in the mornings,
I wouldn't have to sneak it,
would I?

I have the teachers omit
the material that is not
suitable for girls your age—

I was read more scandalous
things before I was the age
of the youngest of the girls
here—

Good heavens! When?!
At that poorhouse?

:PFFF-

:SIGH: I'm sorry, Annie. I
know most everyone here
does not know about your
time at Tewksbury, and I
know you do not like talking
about it...

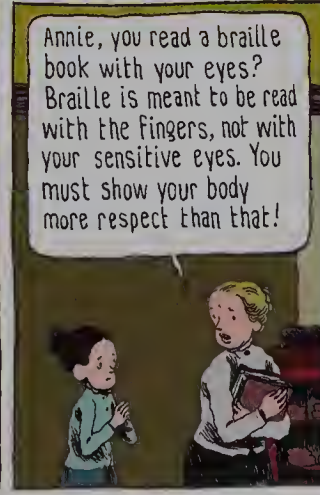
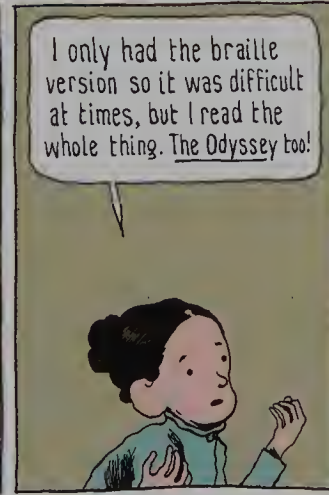
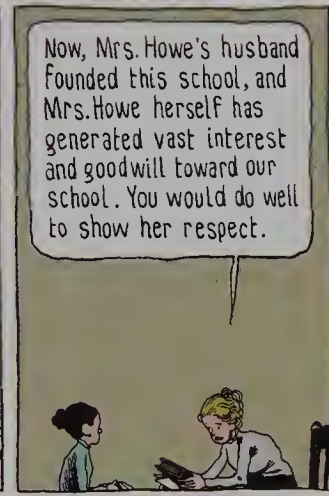
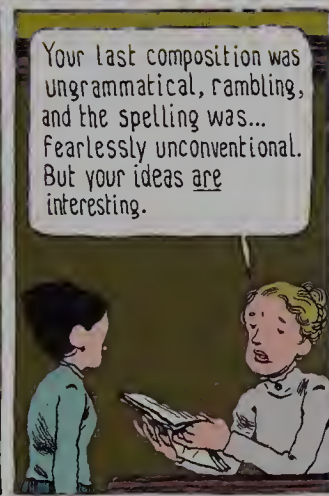
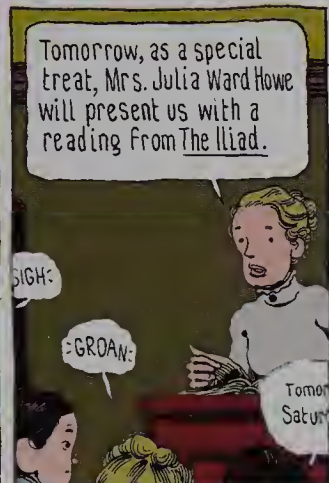
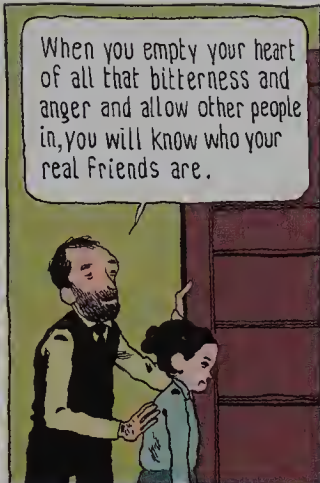
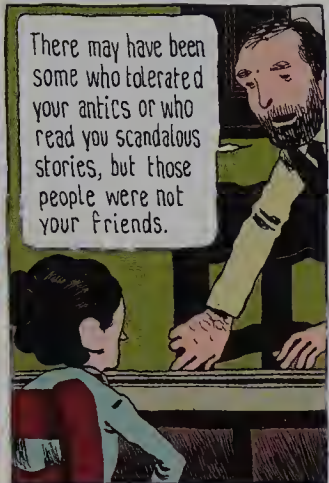
Then,
don't.

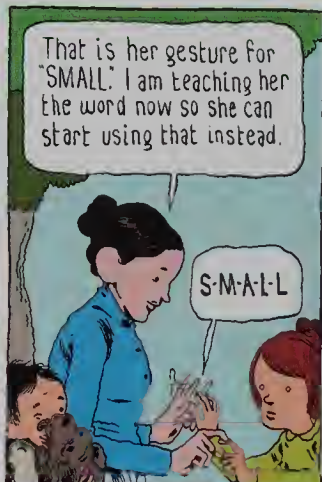
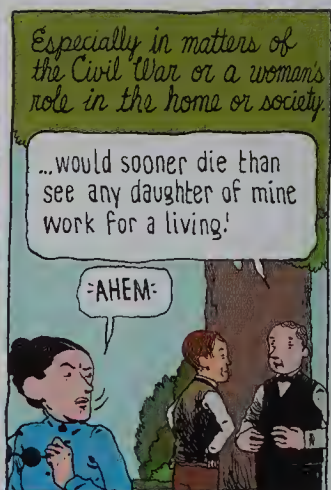
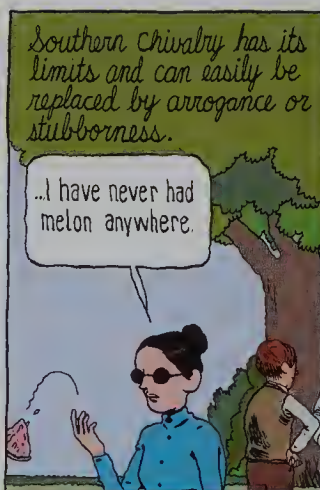
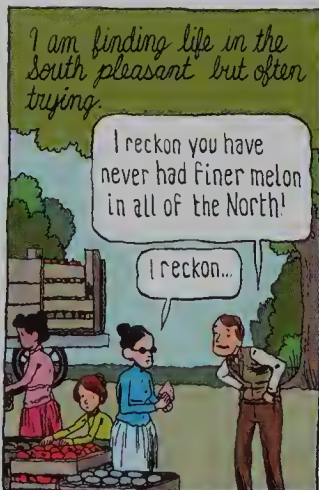
Annie, do not take my
patience for granted. I
have consistently come
to your defense when
the others wanted to expel
you—

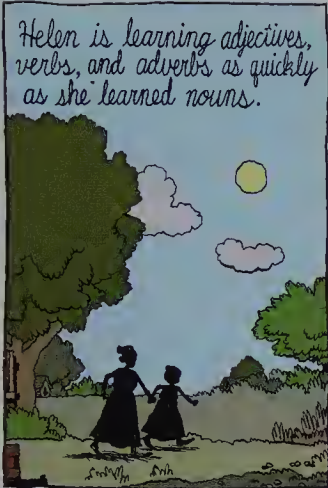
You should
have let
them.

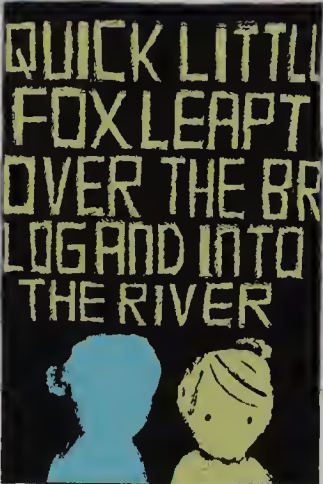
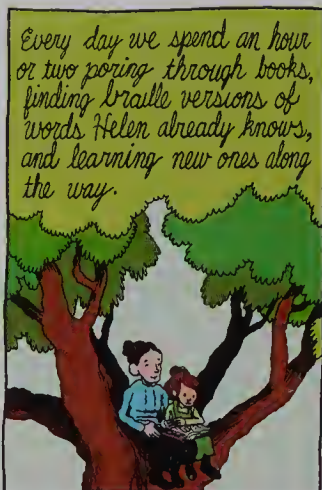
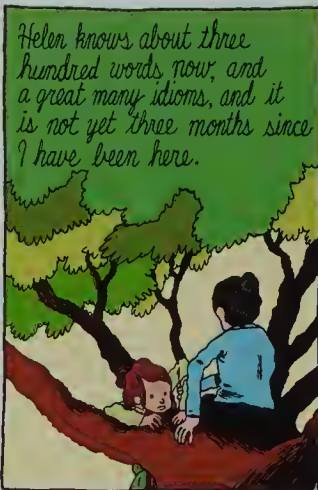
You can put on that stone
face, but I know that the
almshouse is the last
place you want to be.

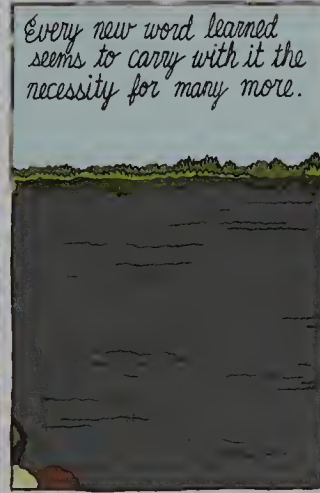
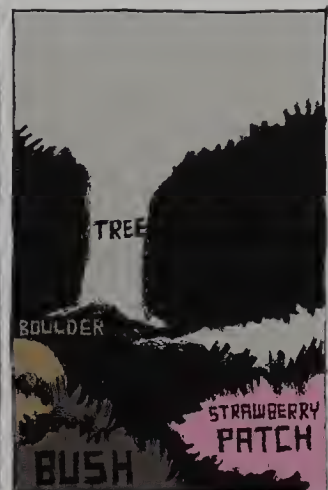
At least
there I had
friends....

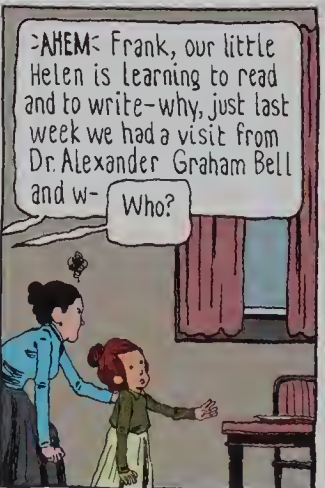
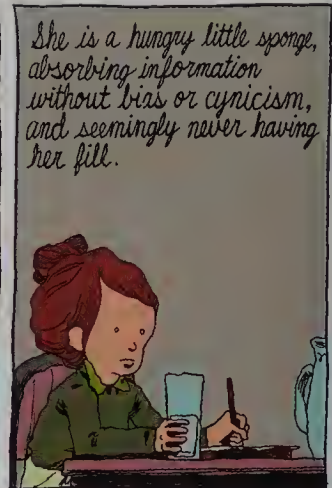
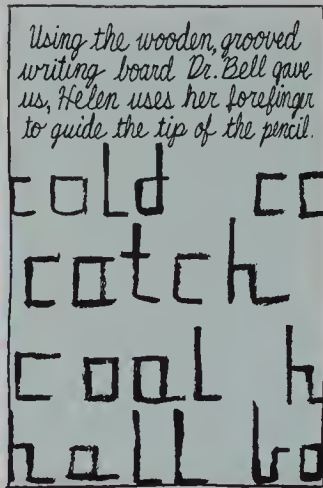


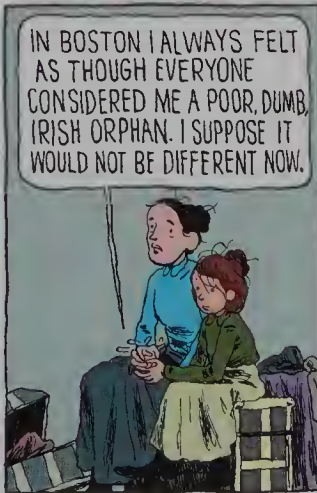
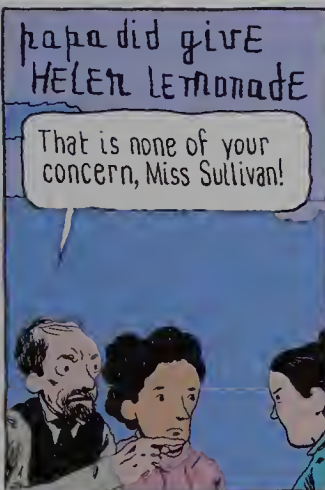
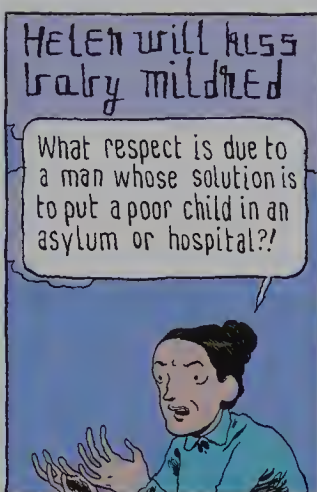


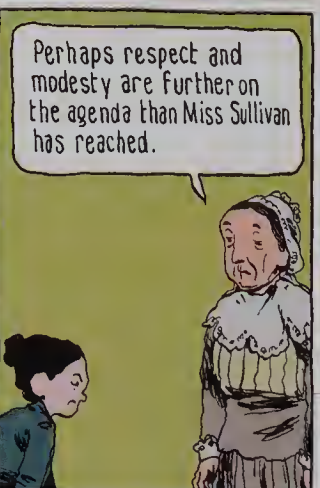
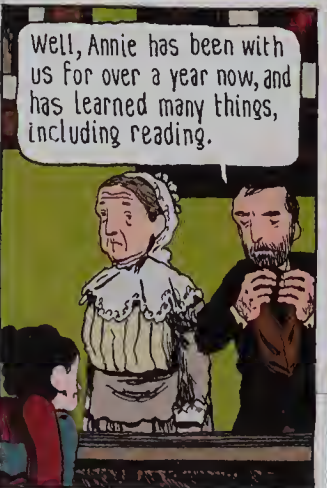














DID YOU LOSE YOUR NERVE?!

GASP!
It's Annie!



We had it planned! I drop my pencil and we all yawn! All of us!

We didn't want to get into trouble... like you always do...



It was a foolish idea, Big Annie!

It was.



I thought I told you to wait outside my office.



This is outside your office.



Annie, Mrs. Howe is a distinguished member of our community, she is a gifted public speaker, and she-

Then you listen to her read.



And she is my mother-in-law.

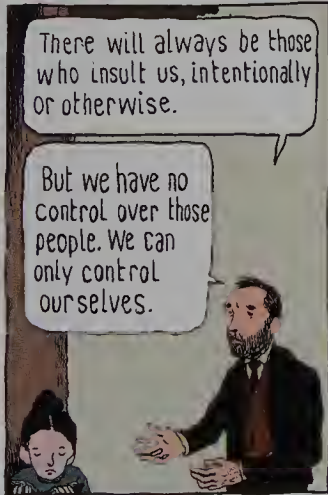


Mr Anagnos, she insulted us by assuming we had no better way to spend our Saturday! And she insulted me! She made me feel ignorant-

She knew I could read....



Whether or not that is true, you must learn to control your temper.



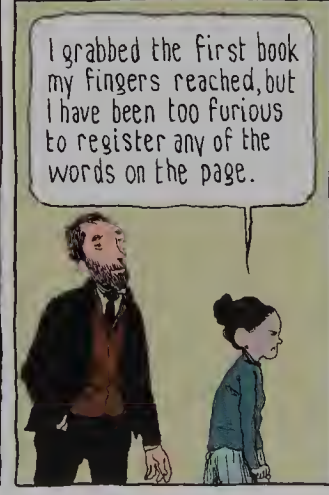
There will always be those who insult us, intentionally or otherwise.

But we have no control over those people. We can only control ourselves.



What are you reading now?

I don't know.



I grabbed the first book my fingers reached, but I have been too furious to register any of the words on the page.



carpenter does
build new house.
gardener does dig
and hoe and plant
vegetables.

mildred is well, uncle
frank will hunt deer,
i did ride in wheelbarrow,
teacher did push.



Dear Mr. Anagnos, first,
enclosed is another letter
from Helen as well as a
photo of her, which was
printed in the local
newspaper along with
excerpts from your report
about Helen's progress.

I thank you for all the kind
words you wrote about us.

I do wish new things would
stop being born.

I have made it a practice
to answer all of Helen's
questions to the best of my
ability,

HOW DID
MOTHER FIND
MILDRED?

DID MOTHER TELL
DOCTOR TO FIND
MILDRED?

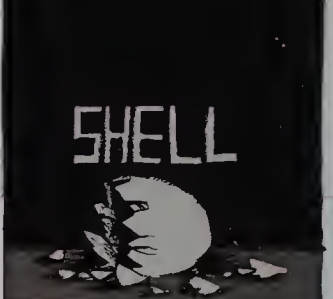
dear mr anagnos
i will write you
a letter.

i and teacher did have
a picture. a photographer
does make pictures.



i read in my book about
fox and box. fox does
sit in box. i do like
to read in my book.

good-bye
Helen Keller



The thought that you were
pleased with my efforts
gives me courage and patience,
and i often have need of both.

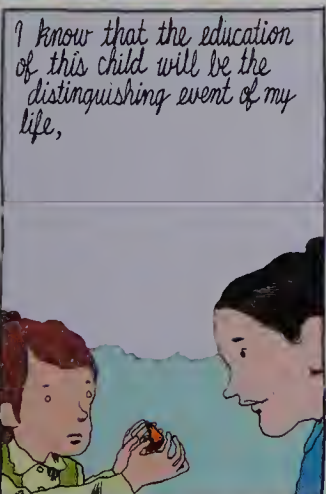
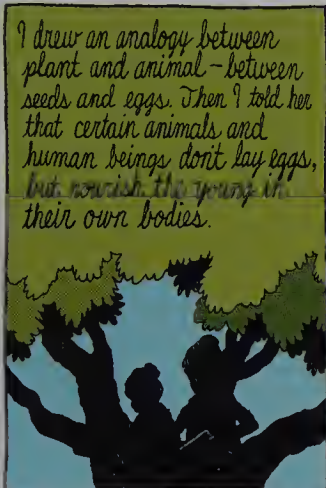
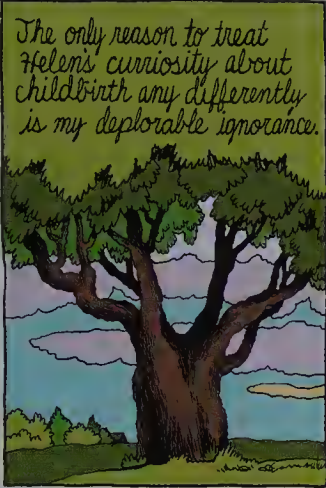
DID BABY PIG
GROW IN EGG?
WHERE ARE
MANY SHELLS?



in a way that is intelligible
to Helen and at the same
time truthful.

DID MOTHER
ASK DOCTOR FOR
VERY SMALL BABY?





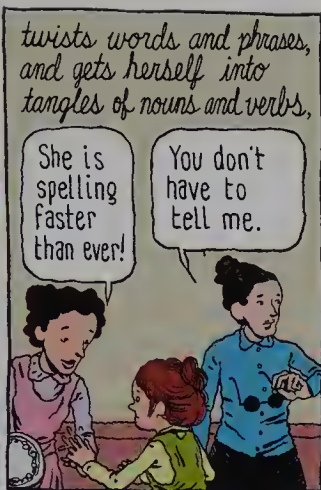


When we return home for dinnertime, Helen is eager to tell her mother everything she has learned.

This gratifies her and keeps up her interest.



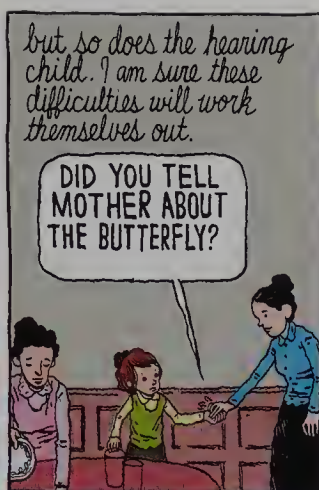
She makes mistakes, of course,



twists words and phrases, and gets herself into tangles of nouns and verbs.

She is spelling faster than ever!

You don't have to tell me.



but so does the hearing child. I am sure these difficulties will work themselves out.

DID YOU TELL MOTHER ABOUT THE BUTTERFLY?



The impulse to tell is the important thing.

Oh, butterflies?

Sacrificed on the altar of education, I'm afraid...



I supply a word here or there and suggest something omitted or forgotten,

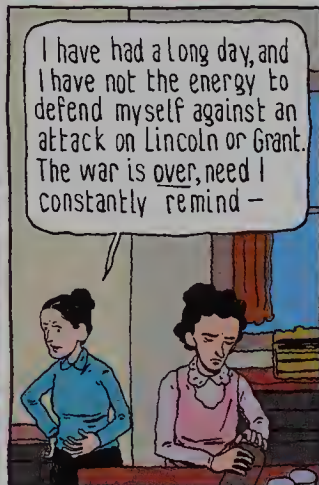
Frank is joining us for dinner again, and I would appreciate a peaceful meal.

As would I!



and thus her vocabulary grows.

I would appreciate a topic of conversation that has nothing to do with the war.



I have had a long day, and I have not the energy to defend myself against an attack on Lincoln or Grant. The war is over, need I constantly remind —



SIGH



what you must understand, Frank Grant isn't exactly



Kate, your preserves are outstanding, as always.

Thank you, Frank. This batch is raspberry.



Kate, join us for a game of euchre?

YAWN: After I put Mildred to bed.



Haha! Wins again!



Kate, I understand the family is to be interviewed about Helen's progress.

YAWN



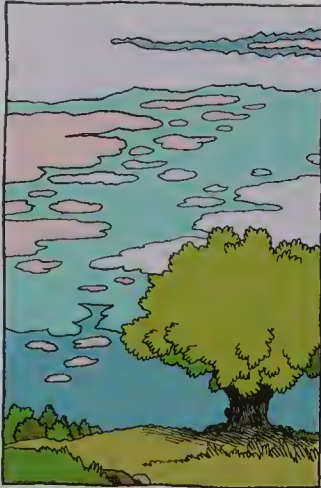
No. Of course not. Captain already had to twist my arm to convince me to allow Helen to be photographed.



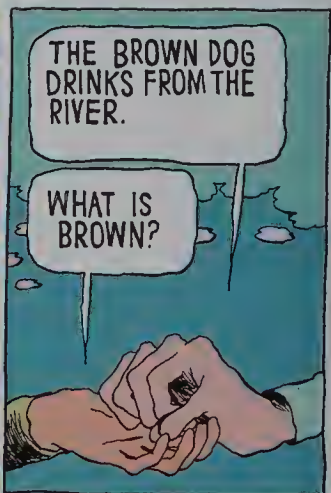
Intrusion upon one's privacy should be made a punishable offense.

HAHA!

HA! Indeed.



Helen talks a great deal about things that she can not know about through her available senses.



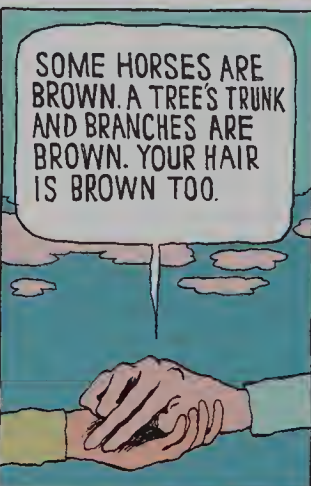
THE BROWN DOG
DRINKS FROM THE
RIVER.

WHAT IS
BROWN?

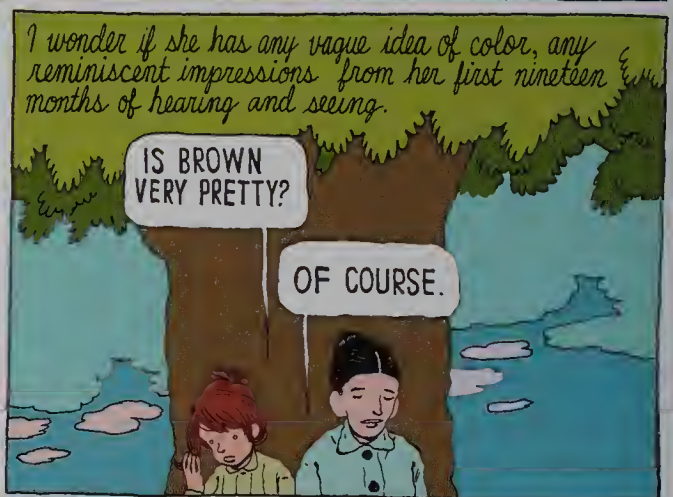


She asks about the sky,
day and night, the ocean,
and mountains.

BROWN IS THE
COLOR OF YOUR
DOG. AND THE
COLOR OF EARTH,
AND MUD.



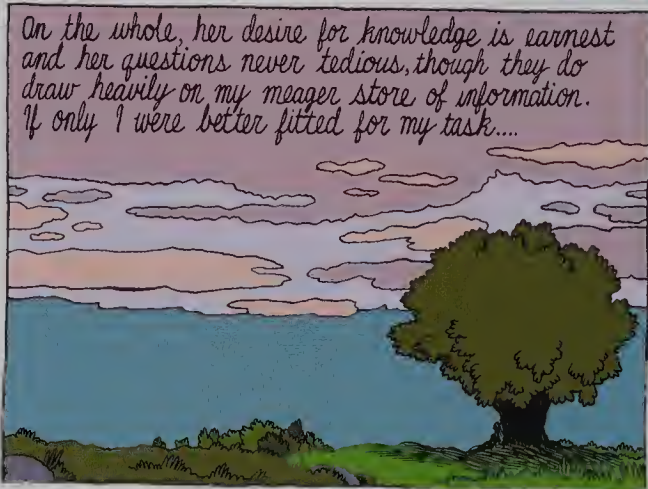
SOME HORSES ARE
BROWN. A TREE'S TRUNK
AND BRANCHES ARE
BROWN. YOUR HAIR
IS BROWN TOO.



I wonder if she has any vague idea of color, any
reminiscent impressions from her first nineteen
months of hearing and seeing.

IS BROWN
VERY PRETTY?

OF COURSE.



On the whole, her desire for knowledge is earnest
and her questions never tedious, though they do
draw heavily on my meager store of information.
If only I were better fitted for my task...



I feel more and more
inadequate every day. I
need a teacher just as
Helen does.

Zzz

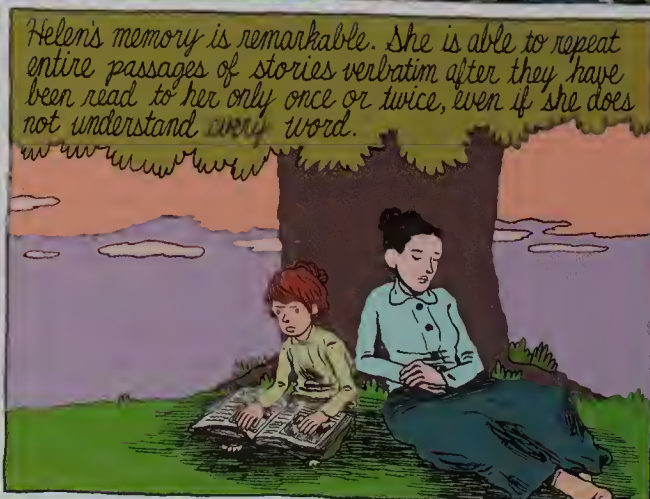


We have borrowed books
from friends and family
in order to keep Helen's
hunger satisfied.

Zzz



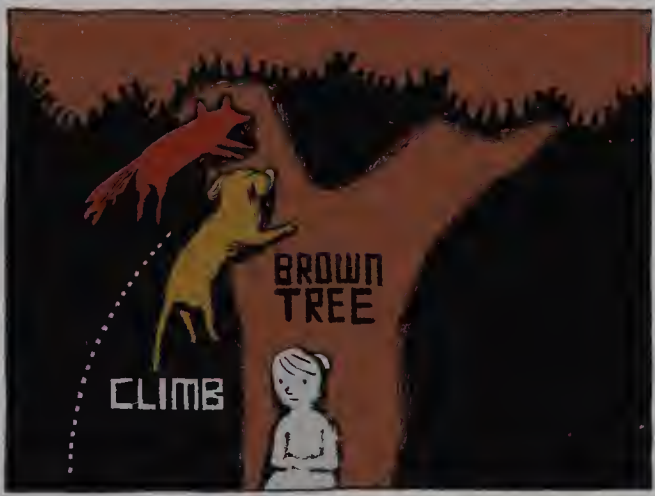
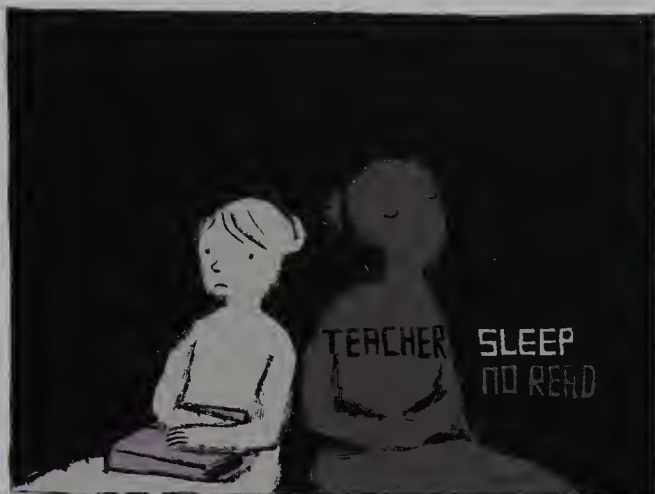
BOOK

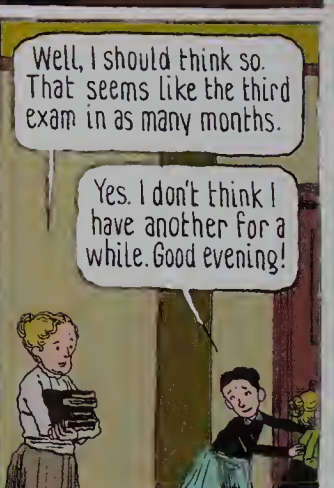
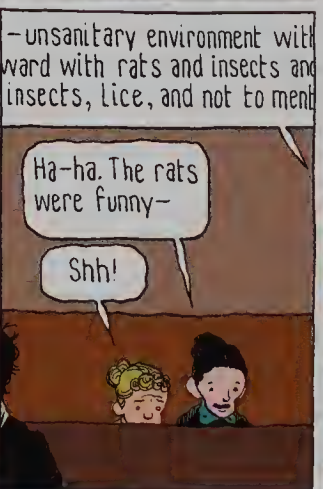
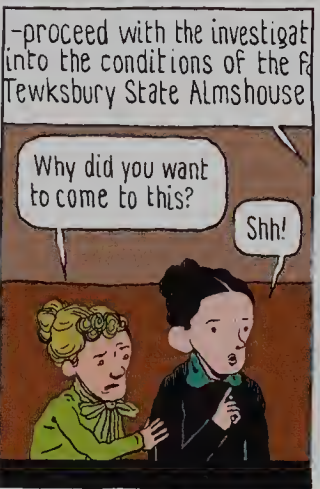


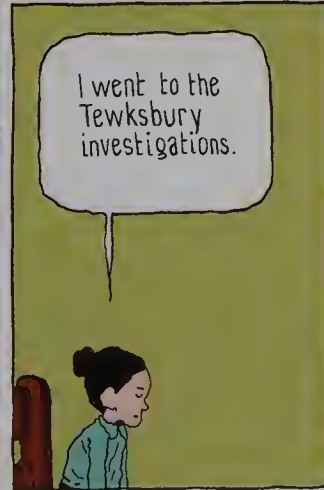
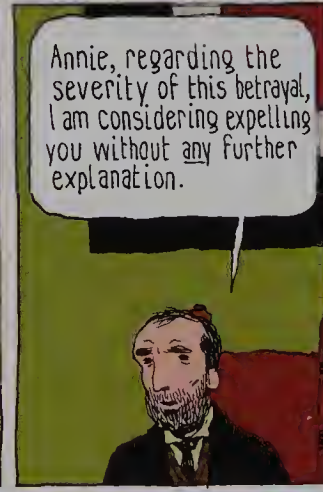
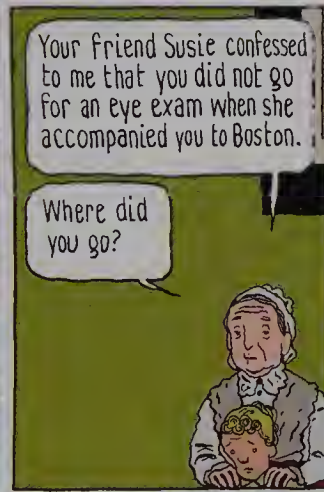
Helen's memory is remarkable. She is able to repeat
entire passages of stories verbatim after they have
been read to her only once or twice, even if she does
not understand every word.

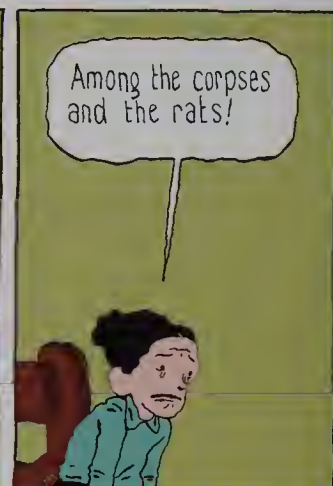
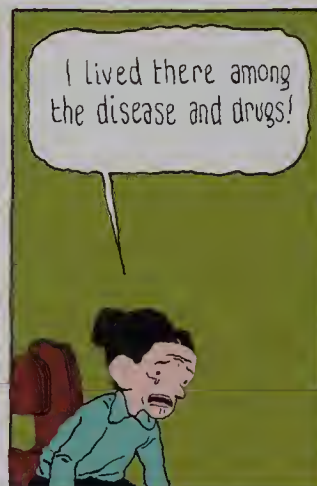
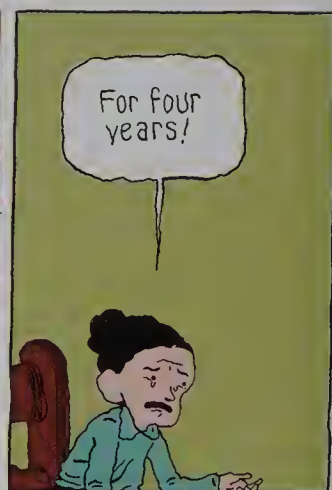


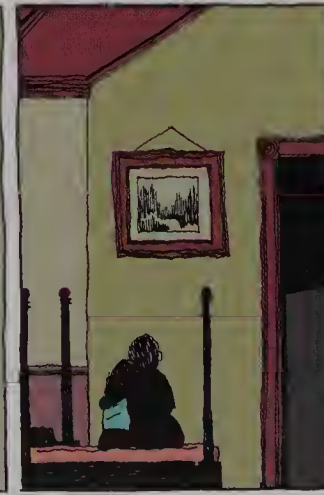
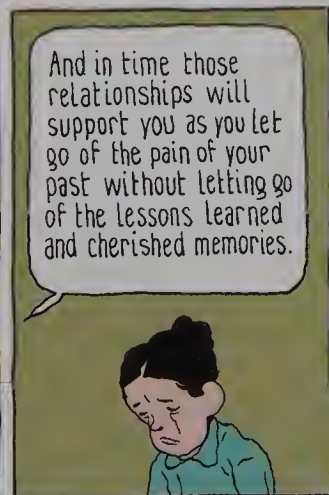
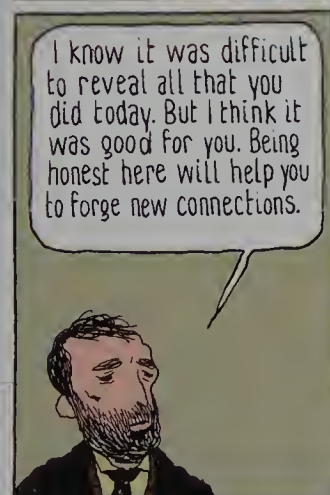
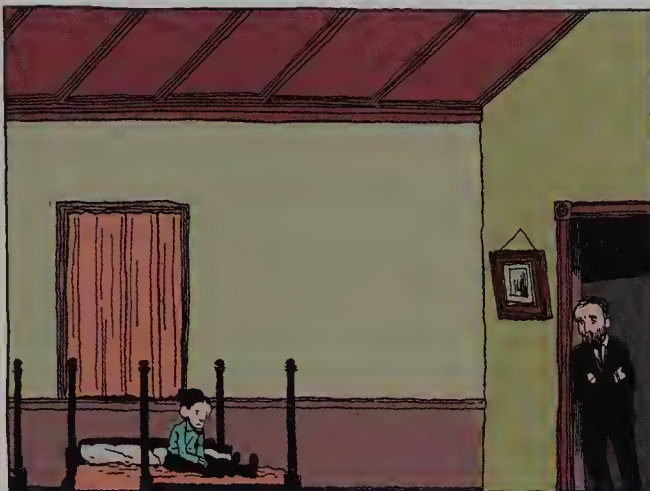
Such is her capacity and
desire. I hope I am capable
of keeping pace.

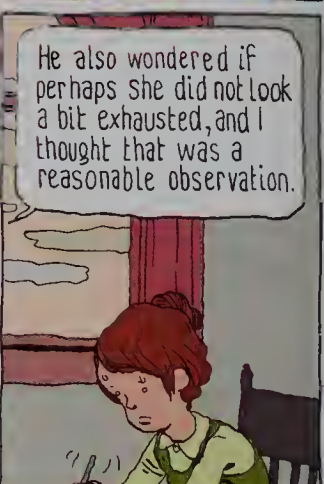
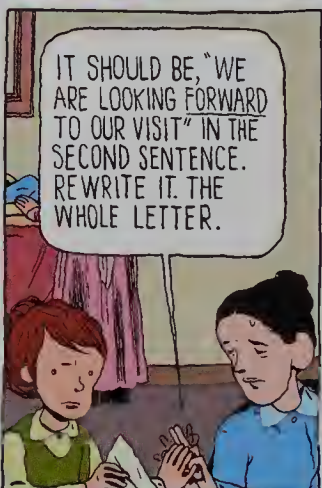












There is no such thing as rest for Helen!

That would be like telling Mildred to stop growing!

And what would I do with myself? What would I fix my mind on if not Helen?!

Shall I tea with the other uptight Southern belles and gossip about boys who prefer quiet girls with no ambitions?!

I was twenty-four, just a little older than you are now, when Helen became suddenly sick.

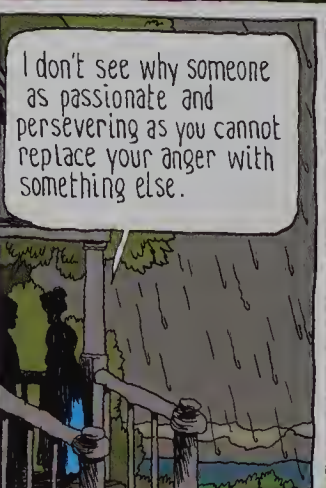
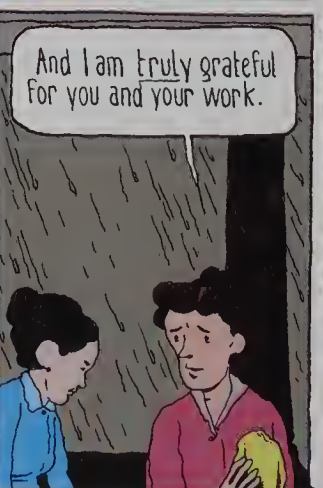
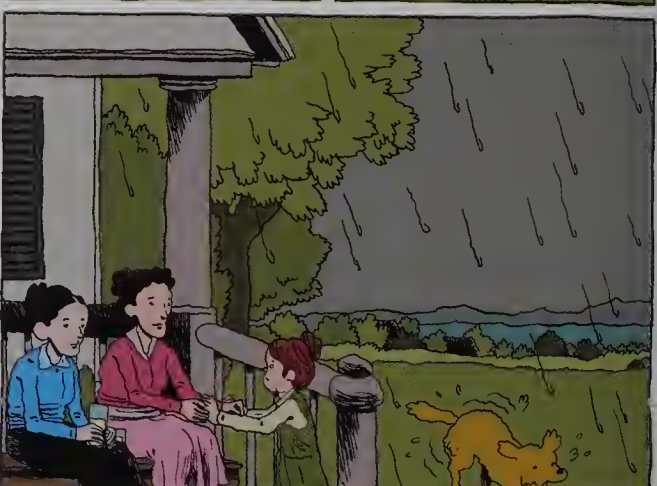
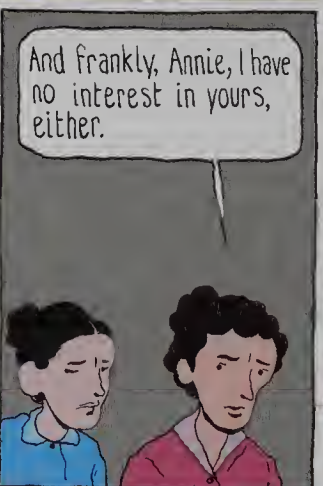
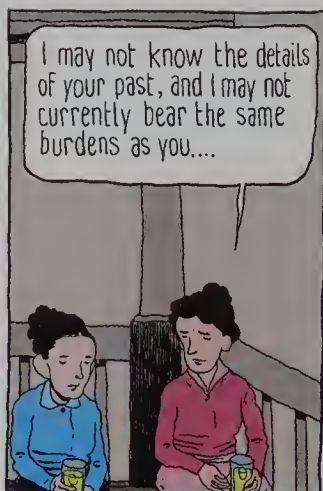
The doctors were never able to specifically diagnose the ailment that took her sight and hearing.

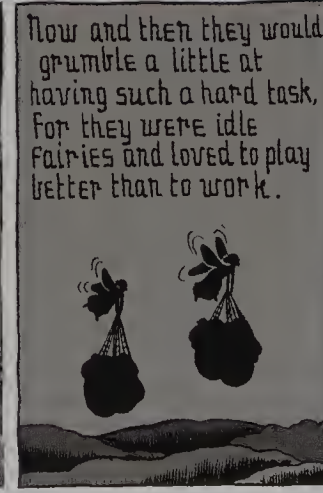
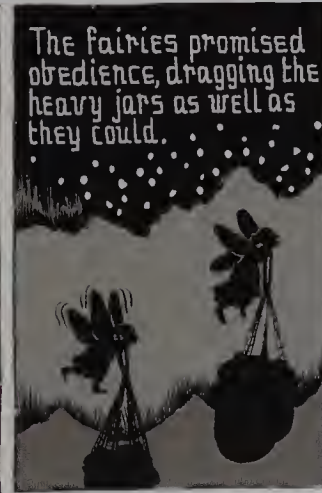
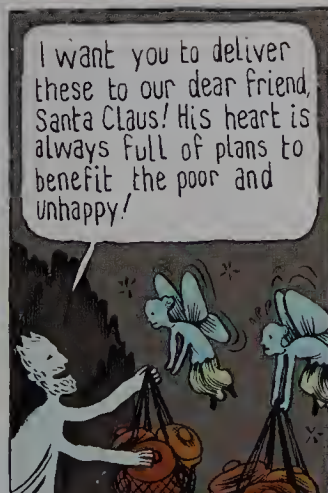
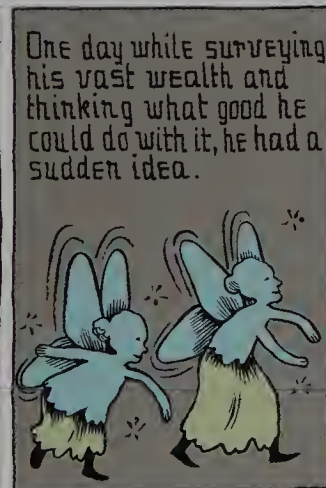
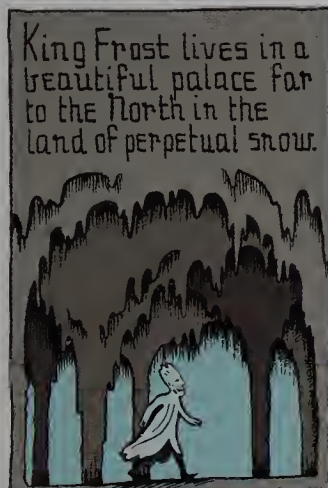
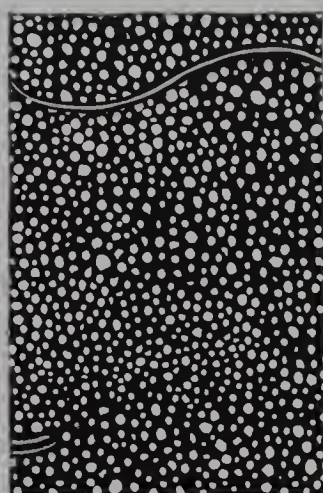
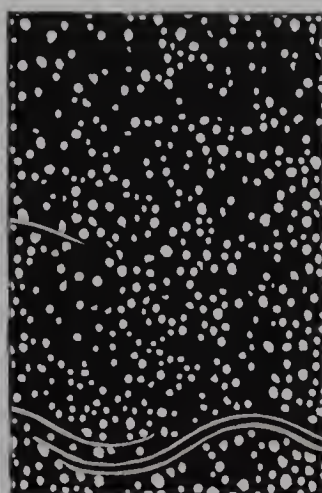
Once, when Helen was younger, she woke up at two in the morning.

Obviously, she had no way of knowing that it was not yet daylight. She just knew that she was awake.

So she simply went about her day, playing with her dolls and eventually demanding breakfast.

So I got up and prepared breakfast for her.



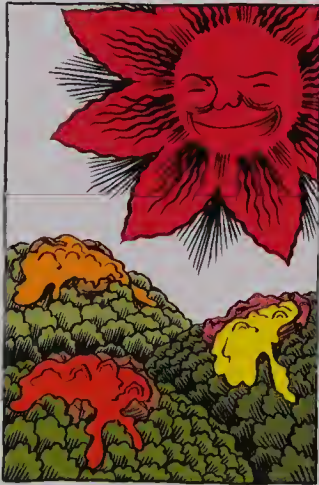




Now, these naughty fairies were so busy and merry over their frolic they failed to notice their hidden treasure had been spied out!



As he and King Frost could never agree as to what was the best way of benefiting the world, King Sun was very glad of a good opportunity of playing a joke upon his rival.



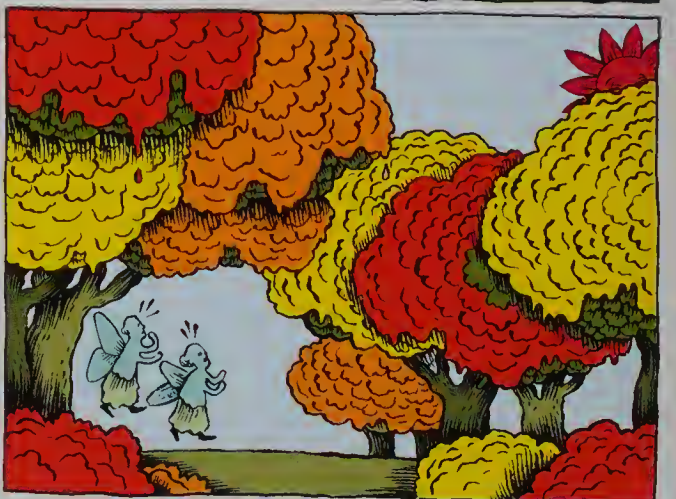
Hee-hee!

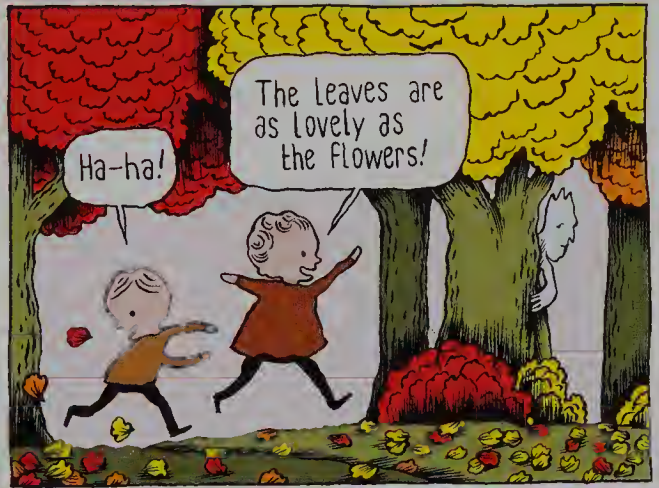


What could be taking them so long?



Come, North Wind, let us find those tardy couriers!





And if the leaves are not covered in gold and precious stones, I cannot imagine what makes them so bright. Can you?

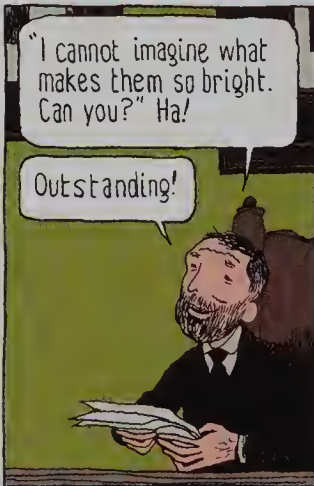


The Perkins Institution
for the Blind
Boston, Massachusetts
November, 1891

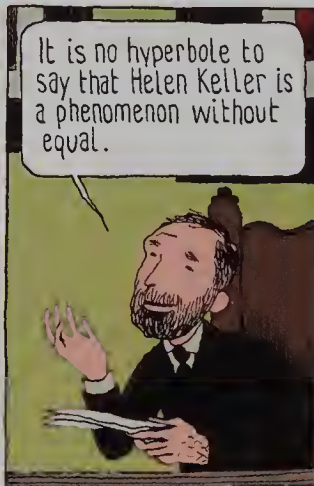


"I cannot imagine what makes them so bright. Can you?" Ha!

Outstanding!



It is no hyperbole to say that Helen Keller is a phenomenon without equal.

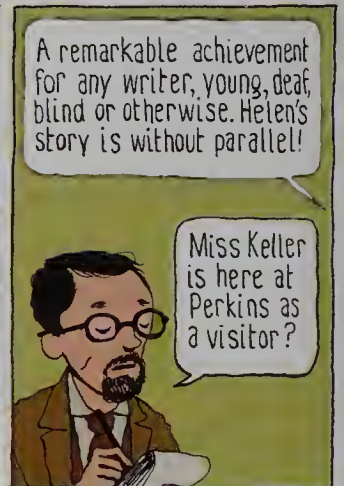


"The Frost King" is an original story written by Helen as a gift for my birthday.



A remarkable achievement for any writer, young, deaf, blind or otherwise. Helen's story is without parallel!

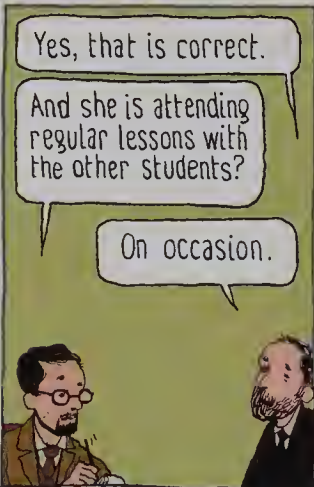
Miss Keller is here at Perkins as a visitor?



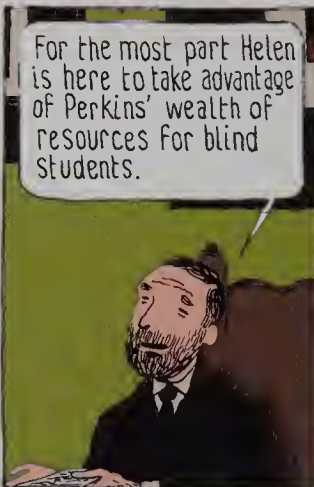
Yes, that is correct.

And she is attending regular lessons with the other students?

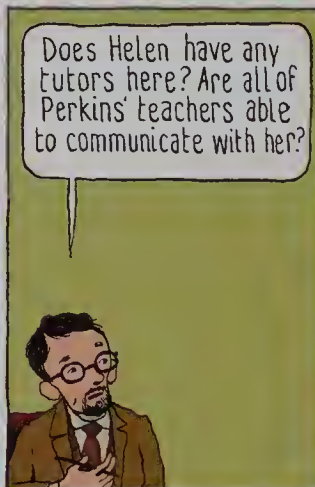
On occasion.



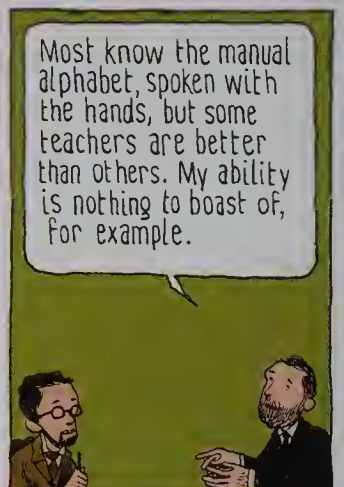
For the most part Helen is here to take advantage of Perkins' wealth of resources for blind students.



Does Helen have any tutors here? Are all of Perkins' teachers able to communicate with her?



Most know the manual alphabet, spoken with the hands, but some teachers are better than others. My ability is nothing to boast of, for example.



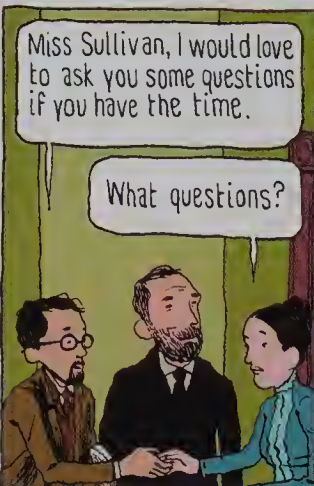
>KNOCK<
>KNOCK<

Annie!
Come in.



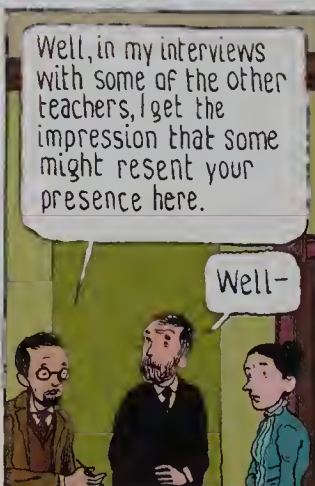
Miss Sullivan, I would love to ask you some questions if you have the time.

What questions?



Well, in my interviews with some of the other teachers, I get the impression that some might resent your presence here.

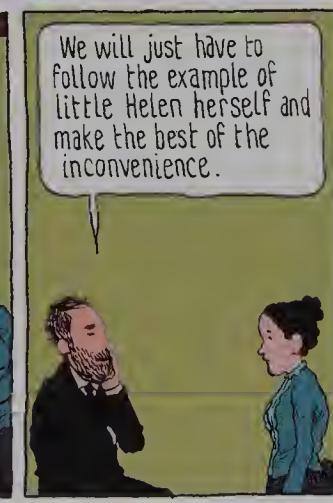
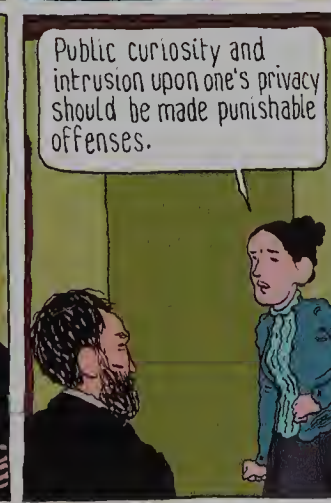
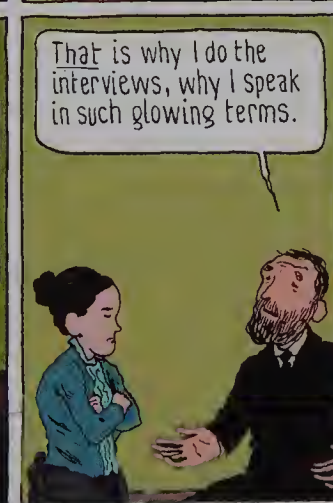
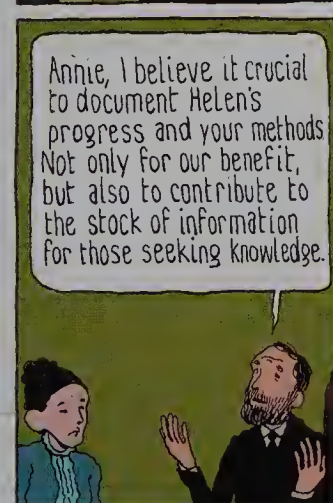
Well-

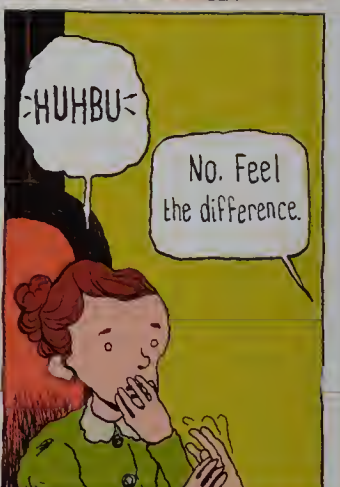
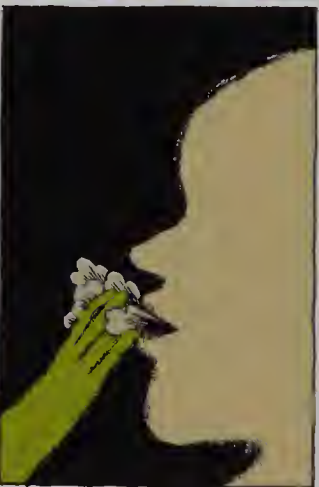


It seems as though they feel you and Helen are taking Perkins for granted, taking advantage of its resources without adhering to its rules or restraints.

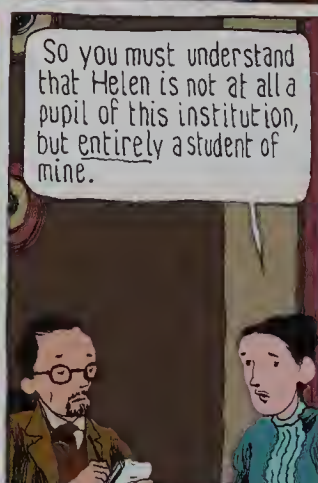
No. I do not have time.





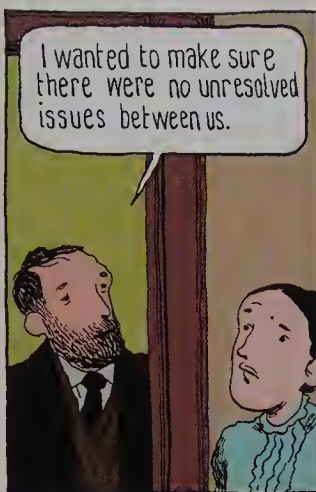








Good evening, Miss Spitfire.



I wanted to make sure there were no unresolved issues between us.



I'm sorry I neglected your feelings. Perkins appreciates your efforts, but more importantly, I appreciate and respect you.

Th-thank you...



Have you seen the reporter around?

I believe he left.

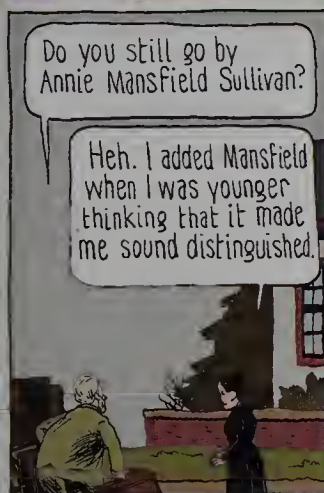


Why? I cannot imagine you would want to give an interview.



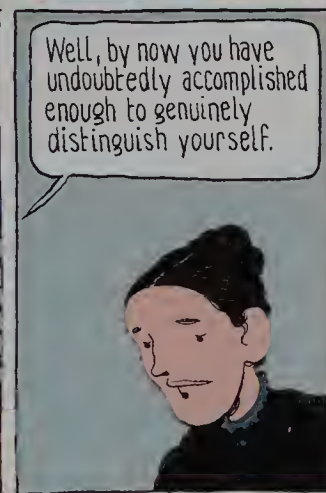
Dr. Bell, it was wonderful spending time with you.

I enjoyed my visit too, Miss Sullivan.

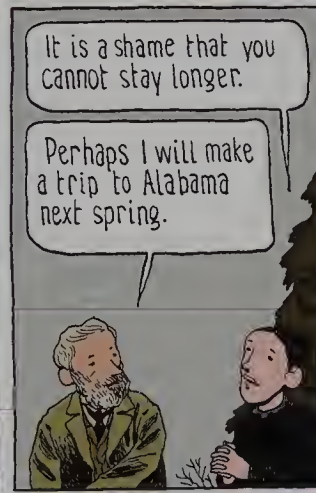


Do you still go by Annie Mansfield Sullivan?

Heh. I added Mansfield when I was younger thinking that it made me sound distinguished.



Well, by now you have undoubtedly accomplished enough to genuinely distinguish yourself.



It is a shame that you cannot stay longer.

Perhaps I will make a trip to Alabama next spring.



It would give me a chance to work on a little project I'm putting together for Helen.

Oh?



It's a glove with the alphabet printed on it so that anyone can communicate with a deaf person without using sign language.

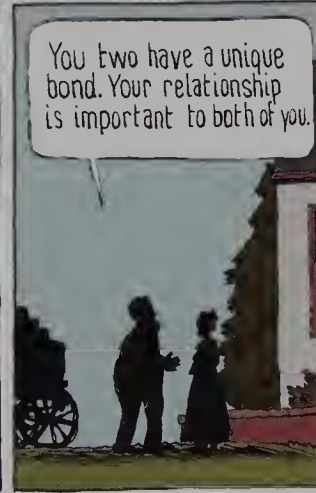
Oh...

You don't like that idea?



To be Frank, Dr. Bell, it is difficult for me to bring myself to allow such easy access to Helen's mind.

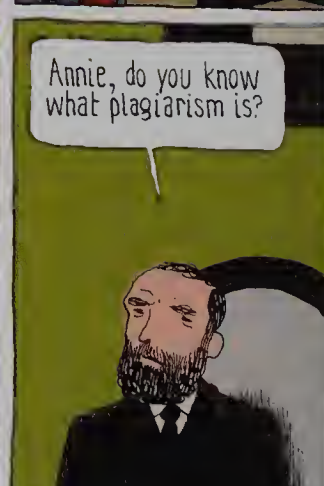
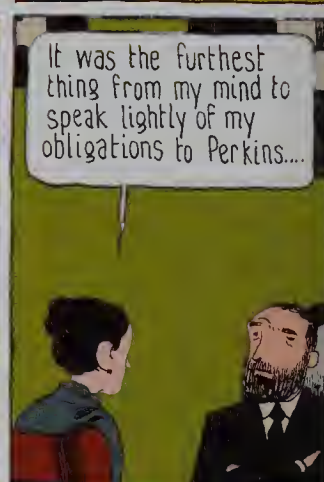
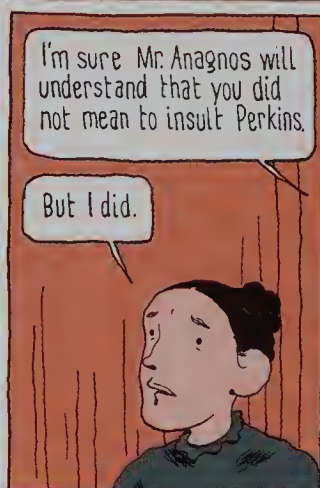
Yes. Of course.



You two have a unique bond. Your relationship is important to both of you.



I would not dream of doing anything to upset that.



Plagiarism...

Plagiarism is a wrongful appropriation of another author's story or idea.

It means to steal someone's work and say it is yours.

Of course. I knew that.

COLD BREEZE

FOOT STEPS

HELEN, WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

I sent "The Frost King" to two journals for publication, wanting to share Helen's work with the world.

One of those journals, The Goodson Gazette, received a letter shortly after they published "The Frost King".

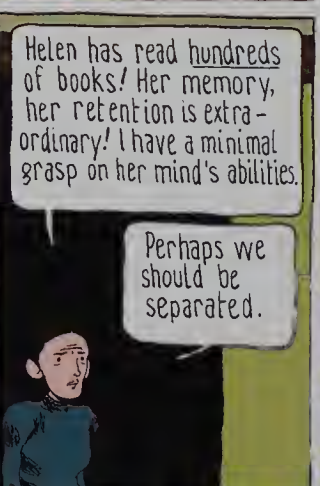
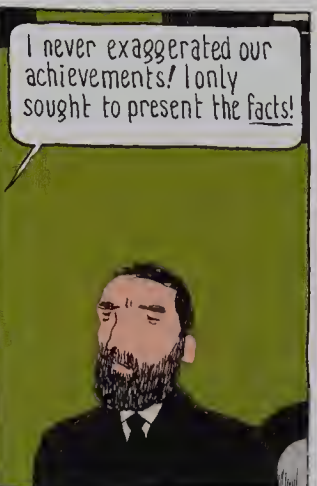
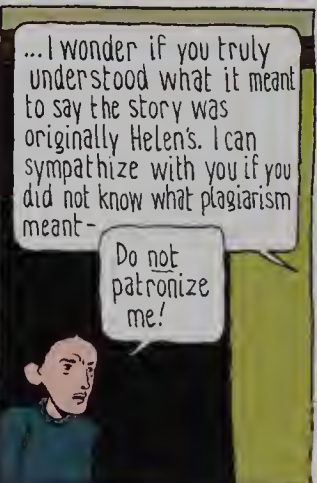
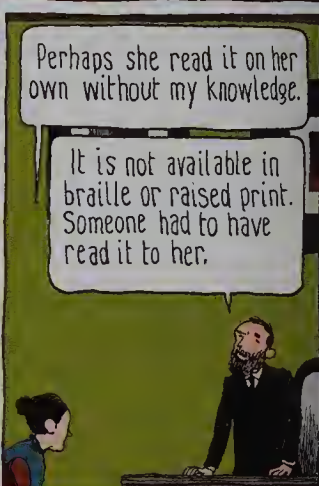
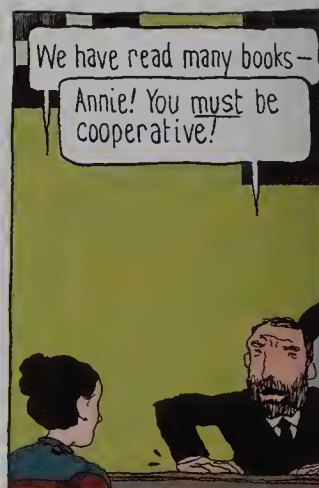
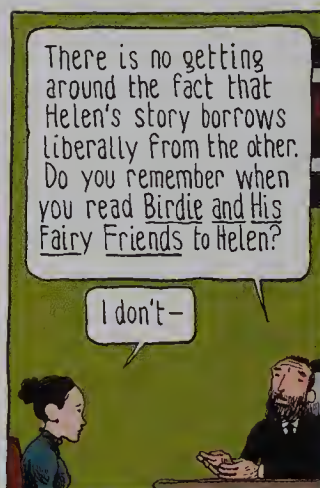
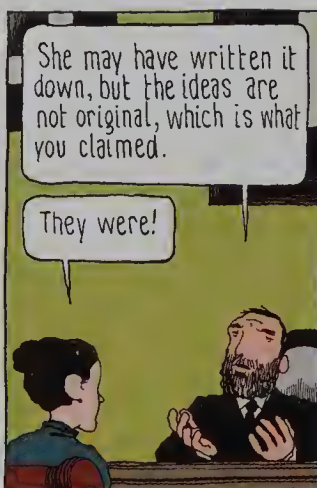
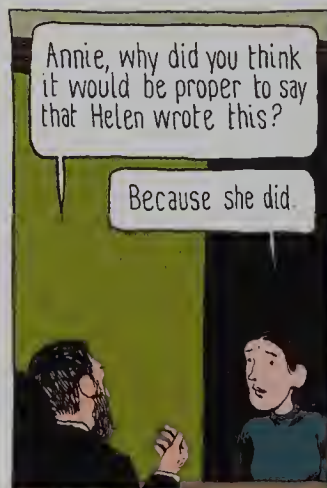
The letter brought attention to the existence of a book called Birdie and His Fairy Friends by... Margaret Canby.

The Goodson Gazette printed one of the stories from Birdie in this week's issue. The story is called "The Frost Fairies."

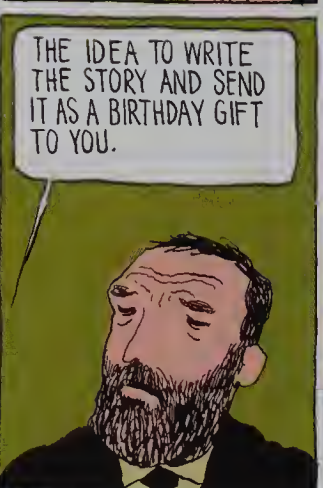
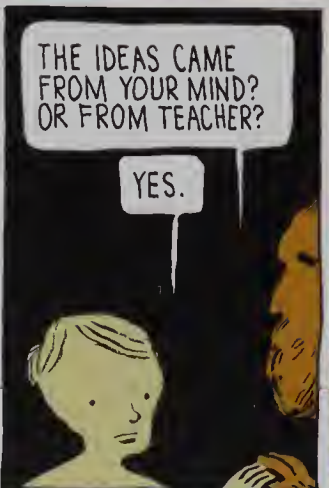
They printed "The Frost Fairies" alongside "The Frost King"...

They were nearly identical.

HELEN, PLEASE WAIT HERE FOR A MOMENT.







WARM



THIRSTY

WHAT INSPIRED THE
IDEAS THAT LED YOU
TO THINK ABOUT 'THE
FROST KING'?

MISS CAROL
PEPPERMINT
SOFT
FAST



THE COLORFUL
AUTUMN LEAVES.



AND HOW DID YOU
KNOW HOW THE
AUTUMN LEAVES
LOOKED?



TEACHER DESCRIBED
THE TREE'S LEAVES IN
AUTUMN AS BOLD REDS
LIKE JEWELS AND
BRIGHT YELLOWS
LIKE GOLD.



I WONDERED HOW ELSE
COULD THEY BECOME
SO BOLD AND BRIGHT
IF THE FROST KING
DID NOT PAINT THEM
WITH RUBIES AND GOLD.



BUT OF COURSE YOU
HAVE NEVER ACTUALLY
SEEN THOSE COLORS.



NO. BUT I AM AWARE
OF THEIR ATTRIBUTES
AND OF OTHER OBJECTS
THAT SHARE THOSE
ATTRIBUTES.



DID TEACHER TELL YOU
ABOUT LAZY FAIRIES,
AND MELTING POTS?

NO.



BUT TEACHER DID
TELL YOU ABOUT RED
AND YELLOW?

YES.

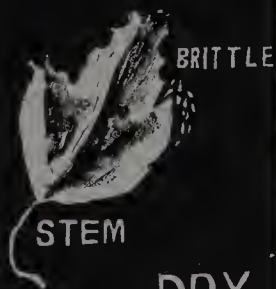


RED IS THE SKIN OF
SOME APPLES
RED IS RUBIES

RED IS SOME
AUTUMN LEAVES
YELLOW IS SOME
AUTUMN LEAVES
YELLOW IS GOLD
YELLOW IS SUN

AUTUMN LEAVES

CRISP DRY



BRITTLE

STEM

DRY

WHEN YOU DO NOT KNOW
WHAT A WORD MEANS,
WHO EXPLAINS?

TEACHER.

DRY
THIN



WARM

TEACHER GIVES YOU
WORDS?

YES.

THIRSTY



TEACHER GIVES YOU
IDEAS?

YES.

MOUTH DRY



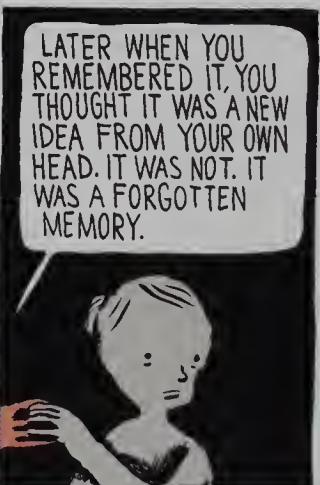
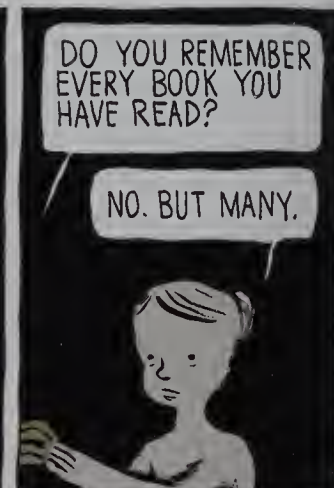
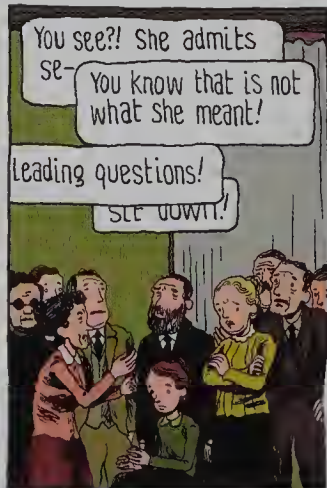
WARM

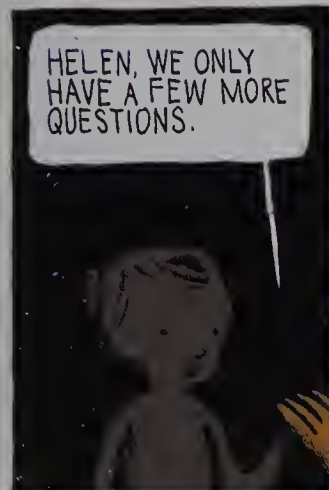
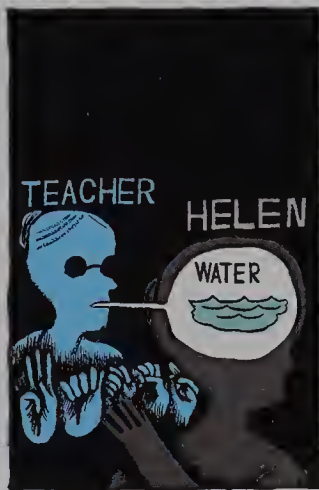
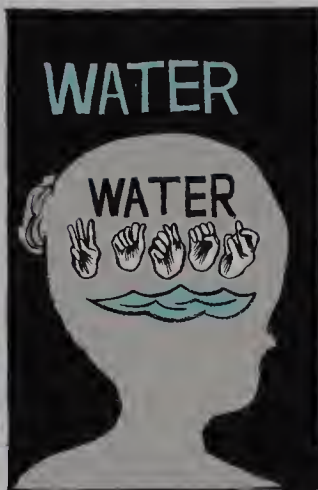
TEACHER GAVE YOU
THE WORDS AND IDEAS
FOR THE FROST KING
AND FAIRIES AND POTS.

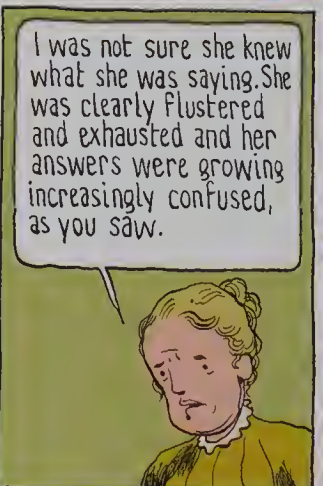
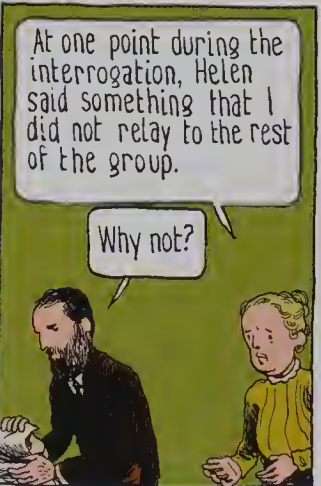
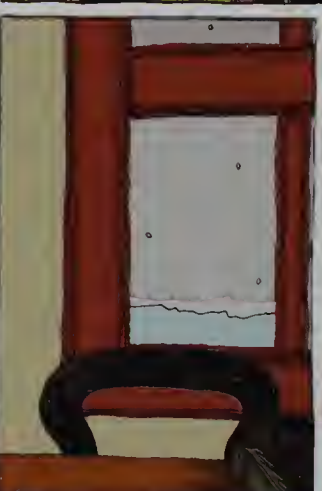
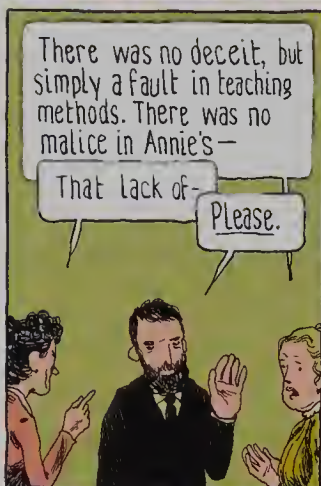
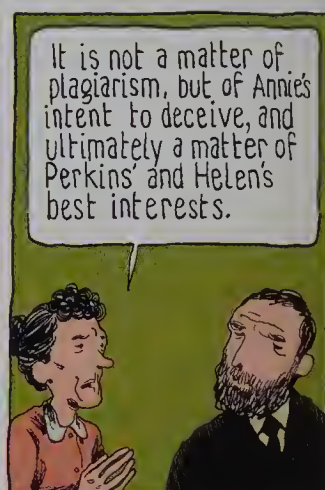
YES.

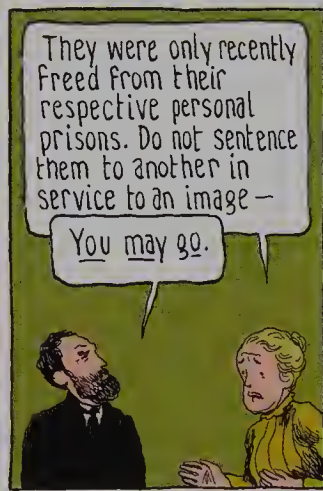
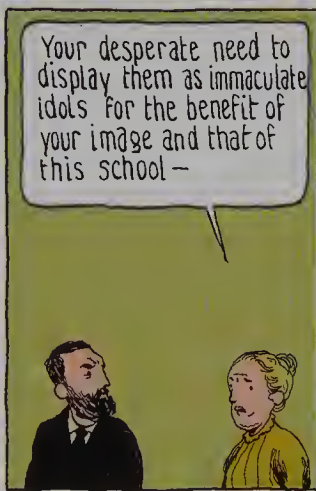
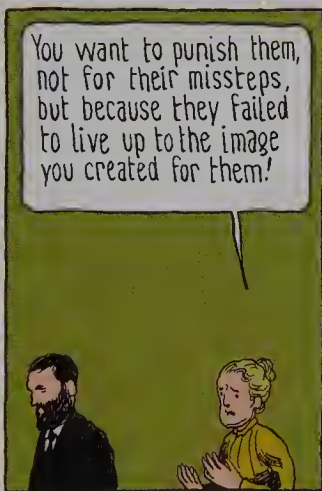
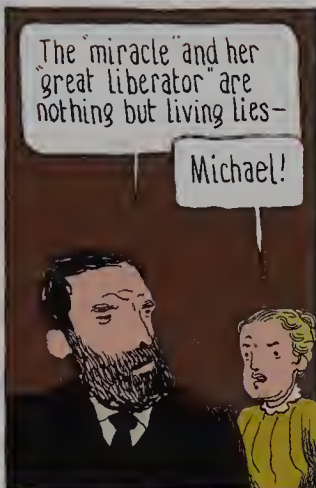
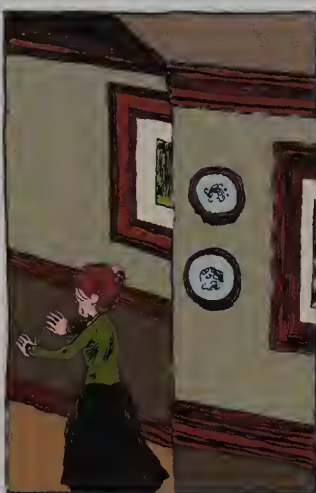


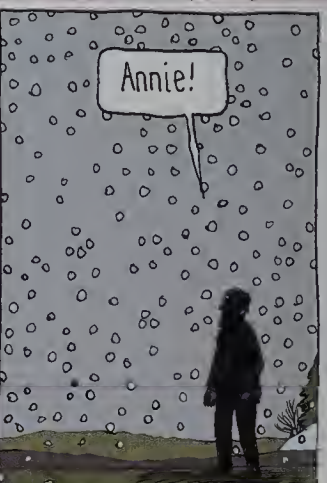
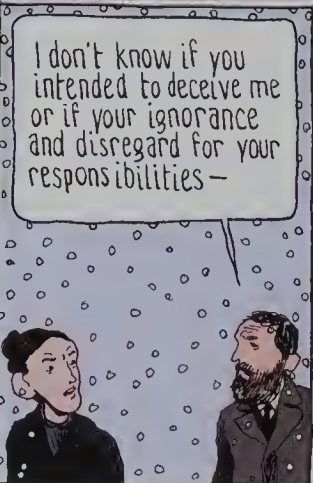
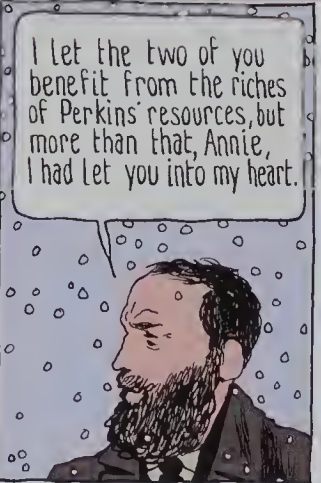
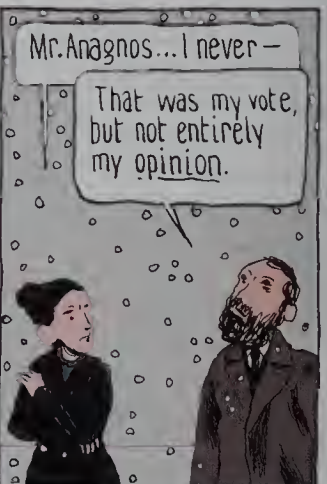
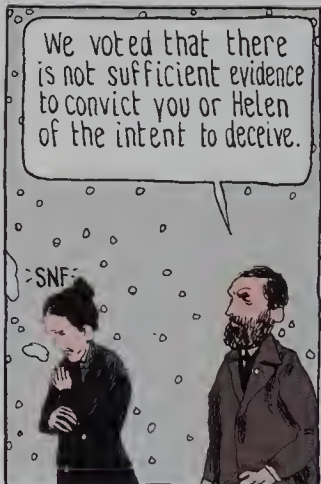
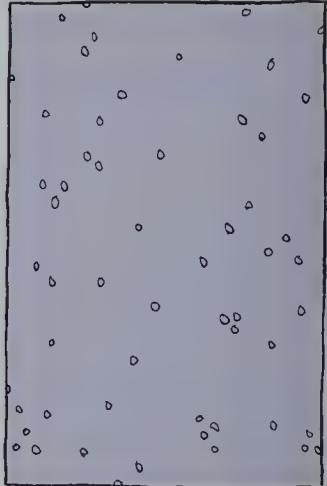
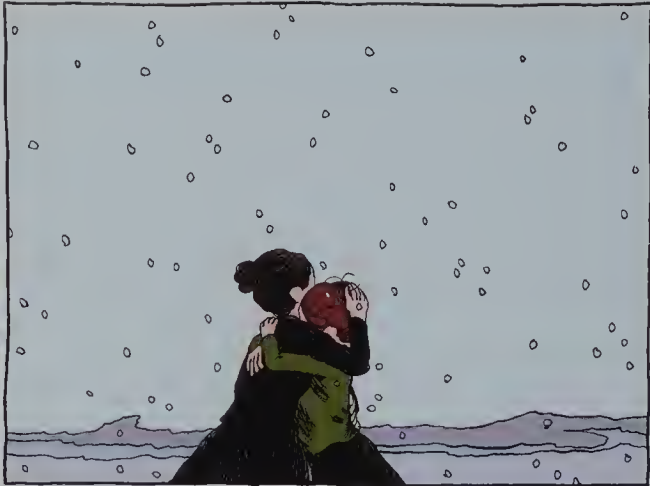
DRY

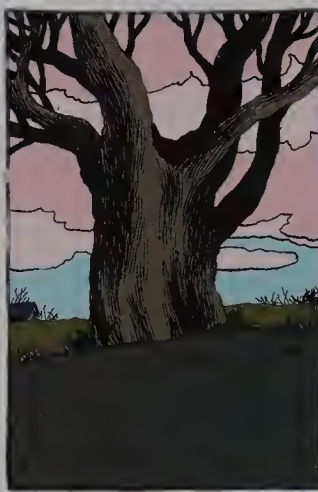
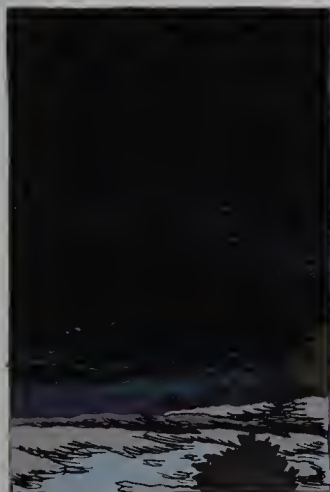
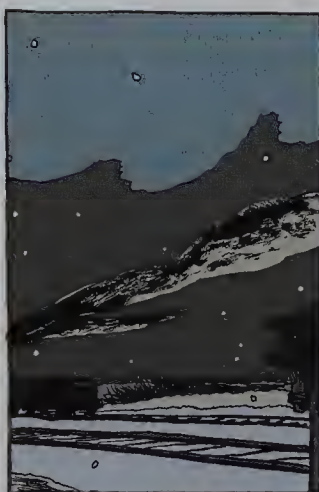


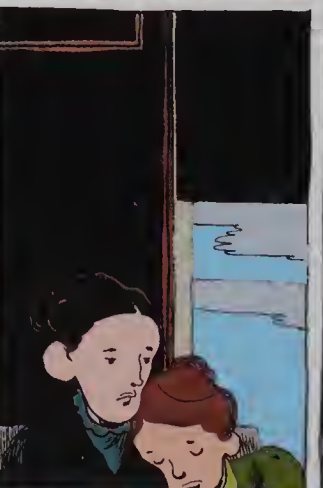
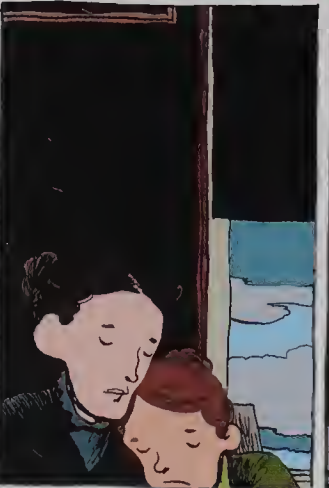
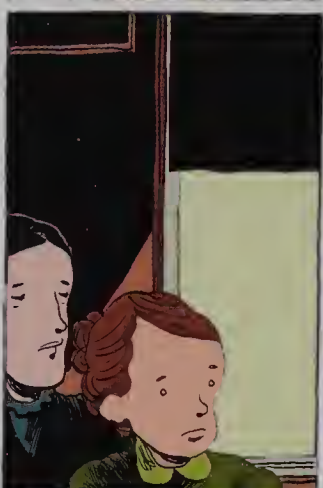
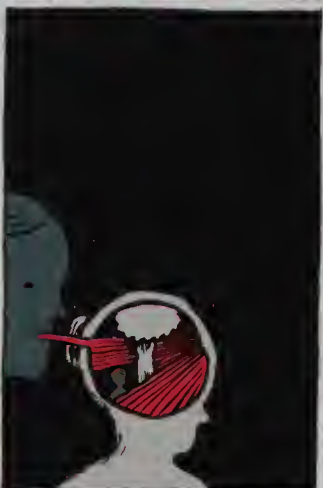
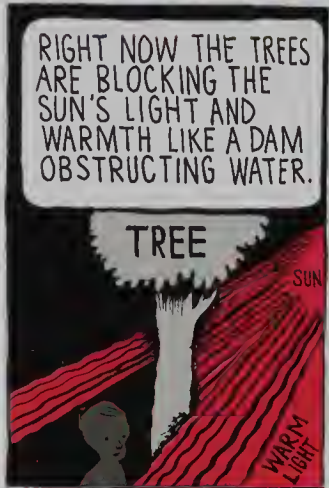
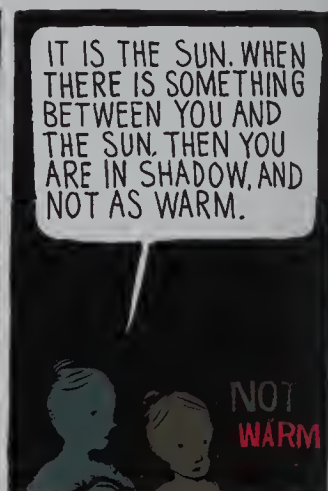












Annie Sullivan

AND THE TRIALS OF

Helen Keller

Panel Discussions



Page 1: **HELEN KELLER** was born on June 27, 1880. When she was nineteen months old, she became sick with an unknown illness (now thought to have been

either meningitis or scarlet fever) that left her unable to see or hear. When our story begins, Helen is not quite seven years old, has not yet attended any school, and can only communicate with her family using a few simple hand signs.

Page 4: **IVY GREEN** is the name of the Keller homestead in Tuscumbia, Alabama, where most of our story takes place. The house was built in 1820 by Helen's paternal grandfather, and still stands today. Visitors can explore the grounds where Helen and Annie began their lifelong friendship, and even see the water pump where Helen had the breakthrough depicted on pages 30–33.



Page 4: **ANNIE SULLIVAN** had a difficult childhood as the daughter of Irish immigrant farmers who lived in southwestern Massachusetts. When she was five years old,

she was stricken by trachoma, an eye infection that left her nearly blind. Later, several rounds of eye

surgery restored her vision to the point where she could see well enough to read. At the age of twenty, she graduated from the Perkins Institution for the Blind and moved to Alabama to tutor Helen Keller.



Page 4: **KATE KELLER** was Helen's mother. It was her persistence in exploring every available educational avenue that eventually led to the hiring of Annie Sullivan

as Helen's governess.

Page 4: **ARTHUR H. KELLER**, Helen's father, was both the editor of *The North Alabamian*, a local newspaper, and owner of a small cotton plantation. He had been a captain in the Confederate Army during the Civil War.

Page 5: **THE CURSIVE WRITING** throughout our story is taken from journals and letters Annie Sullivan wrote in real life. We have edited certain passages to make them easier to understand. By using Annie's own words, we hope to convey as much of her personal voice as possible.

Page 6: **THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND** was established in 1829, when one

of its cofounders, John Dix Fisher, returned to the United States after touring the first-ever school for the blind in Paris, France.

Annie Sullivan began attending the Perkins Institution in 1880, when she was fourteen. Her classmates mocked her for being an ignorant and uncivilized farm girl. Their cruelty only fueled her resolve to show them how smart she was, and she quickly became one of the top students of her class. She graduated Perkins as valedictorian in 1886, at the age of twenty.

Now known as the Perkins School for the Blind and located in Watertown, Massachusetts, the school's continuing mission is to provide assistance and education for children and adults who are blind, deaf-blind , or visually impaired.



Page 6: **DR. MICHAEL ANAGNOS** was director of the Perkins Institution for thirty years, from 1876 until his death in 1906. Although he is mostly remembered as

the man who sent Annie Sullivan to Alabama to tutor Helen Keller, he was a prominent citizen of Boston, and had established the largest library for the blind in the world. Dr. Anagnos was a respected administrator, but his strong support of Annie Sullivan and Helen Keller was not without controversy. He promoted Helen's accomplishments in the Institution's annual report, which annoyed Annie. She believed it was a kind of bragging that created an exaggerated and unrealistic picture of Helen.



Page 9: **SIGN LANGUAGES** were some of the earliest means of communication created by humans. Out of necessity, Helen Keller's parents developed their own

simple system of hand signs to communicate with their daughter. Annie Sullivan introduced Helen to "finger spelling," which uses individual hand signs to represent the letters of the alphabet, and combines them to spell words. Although American Sign Language (ASL) was standardized in the early

nineteenth century, Helen could not use it because ASL depends upon being able to see. However, she could eventually read and write braille, read lips by touch, type, and even speak by controlling the vibrations of her vocal cords (as seen on page 70). Helen was so passionate in her desire to communicate her thoughts and feelings that she explored every possible way to do so.



Page 14: **THE TEWKSBURY ALMSHOUSE** was founded in 1852 to provide food and shelter for poor immigrants, who had flocked to Massachusetts in large

numbers. By 1874 it had expanded to include a hospital wing and mental health ward. The Almshouse was notoriously overcrowded, understaffed, and poorly maintained.

Annie Sullivan's mother died when Annie was eight years old, and her father, incapable of raising a family by himself, abandoned his children. Annie and her younger brother, Jimmie, were sent to the Almshouse, where Annie remained for four miserable years. In 1880, after pleading her case to a state official who was touring the grounds as part of the Tewksbury Investigations (see below), Annie was removed from Tewksbury and enrolled in the Perkins Institution for the Blind.



Page 14: **JIMMIE SULLIVAN**, Annie's brother, was already suffering from tuberculosis of the hip joint when he was admitted to the Tewksbury Almshouse. Tuberculosis is

an often fatal infectious disease that was widespread in the nineteenth century, and continues to kill millions of people worldwide every year. Within six months of entering the Almshouse, Jimmie Sullivan had died from complications related to the disease, leaving his sister devastated and alone.

Page 16: **MILDRED KELLER**, Helen Keller's only sibling, was an infant when Annie Sullivan first arrived in Alabama. Due to Helen's extensive

travels as an adult, the two sisters were often far apart from one another, but they remained close friends throughout their lives.



Page 30: **HELEN'S BREAKTHROUGH** at the well is the most famous event in her education, having been dramatized repeatedly on stage and screen. The well itself is maintained at Ivy Green to this day, as a memorial to this turning point in Helen's life.

Page 45: **JULIA WARD HOWE**, though an important figure in the abolitionist and women's suffrage movements, is perhaps most well known for having written "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a song popular during the Civil War and still sung today. She was married to Samuel Gridley Howe, a Boston doctor who cofounded the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which is why she is shown visiting and reading to the students at the school.



Page 45: **THE TENNESSEE RIVER** winds through northern Alabama, at one point passing within two miles of the Kellers' home at Ivy Green. The "landing on

the Tennessee" that Annie mentions here refers to a place where they could easily walk down to the water.

Page 47: **HELEN KELLER'S HANDWRITING** is an example of her determination to communicate with other people by any and all means within her power. After practicing diligently to draw individual letters under Annie's guidance, Helen could use the written alphabet to express her thoughts as easily as she could use the manual alphabet to finger-spell.



Page 56: **THE TEWKSBURY INVESTIGATIONS** began in March 1883, after the governor of Massachusetts accused the operators of the Almshouse of misusing

funds, allowing inhabitants to starve to death in filthy surroundings, and selling the bodies of dead residents to local hospitals for research. A state legislative commission held more than thirty hearings on the matter, and within six months the managers of the Almshouse were replaced.



Pages 65–68: **"THE FROST KING"** was a story written by Helen Keller when she was eleven years old and sent to Dr. Michael Anagnos, director of the Perkins

Institution, as a birthday gift. Dr. Anagnos published the story in the school's alumni magazine, where it was seen as yet another of Helen's astonishing accomplishments.

It was later discovered that "The Frost King" was nearly identical to "The Frost Fairies," a story from *Birdie and His Fairy Friends*, a book published in 1889. When the similarities were made known, outsiders accused the school of deliberate deceit, and faculty members accused Annie and Helen of plagiarism. These charges led to Helen's interrogation, which lasted over two hours.

Based on the evidence, it seems clear that someone must have read "The Frost Fairies" to Helen in her early childhood, when she may have been unable to tell the difference between stories that were read to her, stories that were told to her, and things that she dreamed. She absorbed language like a sponge, and had an extraordinary memory, but the notion that a writer could "own" words may have seemed strange to her. Annie Sullivan denied ever having read "The Frost Fairies" to Helen, but Dr. Anagnos did not believe her, and felt that he could no longer trust Annie or Helen.

Regardless of how "The Frost King" came to be, the investigation into its origin was devastating for Helen. She never wrote fiction again.

Page 69: **LAURA BRIDGMAN** was the first deaf-blind woman to receive a substantial education in the United States. Fifty years before Helen Keller attended the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Ms. Bridgman learned how to read and write at that same school, under the tutelage of Samuel Gridley

Howe. After visiting the Institution in 1842, Charles Dickens wrote an enthusiastic appraisal of Howe's work with Ms. Bridgman in his book *American Notes*. Forty years after its publication, this piece of writing convinced Kate Keller to seek help for her daughter at Perkins.



Page 73: **ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL** was an American scientist and engineer who is widely considered one of the most influential people in history.

Because his mother and wife were both deaf, he devoted a significant portion of his prodigious energy to the creation of devices that could improve hearing. This led eventually to his invention of the telephone in 1875.

Bell was very active in deaf education. Like many educators of the time, he believed that all deaf people could be taught to vocalize, and that

using sign language only got in the way. The glove Bell describes to Annie on page 73 was one of his many efforts to integrate deaf people into wider society. Sometimes called a “talking glove,” this device had the letters of the alphabet printed on it, allowing the deaf person and anyone with whom he or she was communicating to simply spell out words by pointing at the letters. Bell hoped to make finger spelling and sign language obsolete, but his invention never caught on.



Page 86: **ANNIE SULLIVAN AND HELEN KELLER** became lifelong companions. When Annie died in 1936, at the age of seventy, Helen was holding her hand.

After Helen died in 1968, within a few weeks of her eighty-eighth birthday, she was cremated, and her ashes were placed next to Annie's at the Washington National Cathedral in Washington, D.C.



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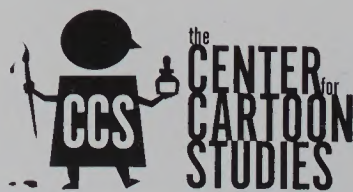
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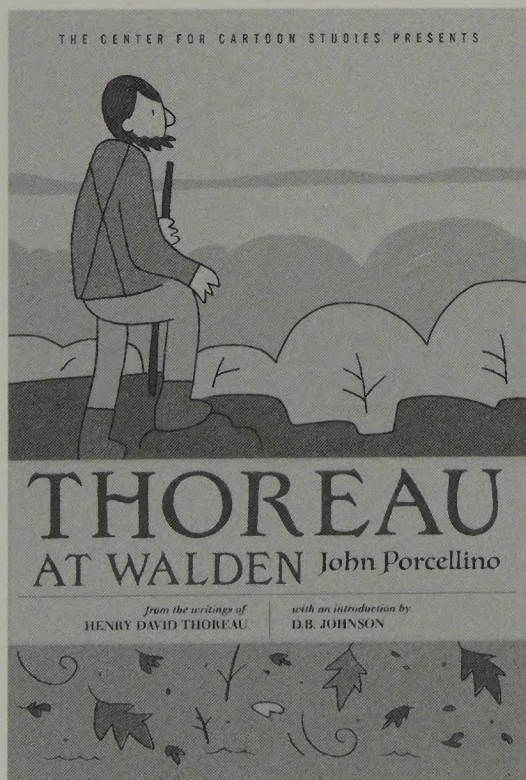
“One can never consent to creep when
one feels an impulse to soar.”

—HELEN KELLER

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"My heart is singing for joy this morning! The light of understanding has shone upon my little pupil's mind, and behold, all things are changed!"

—ANNIE SULLIVAN

Helen Keller lost her ability to see and hear before she turned two years old.

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